



INDIA



FLAME

19 20



JOHN C. FREMONT
HIGH SCHOOL

WRIGHT '20

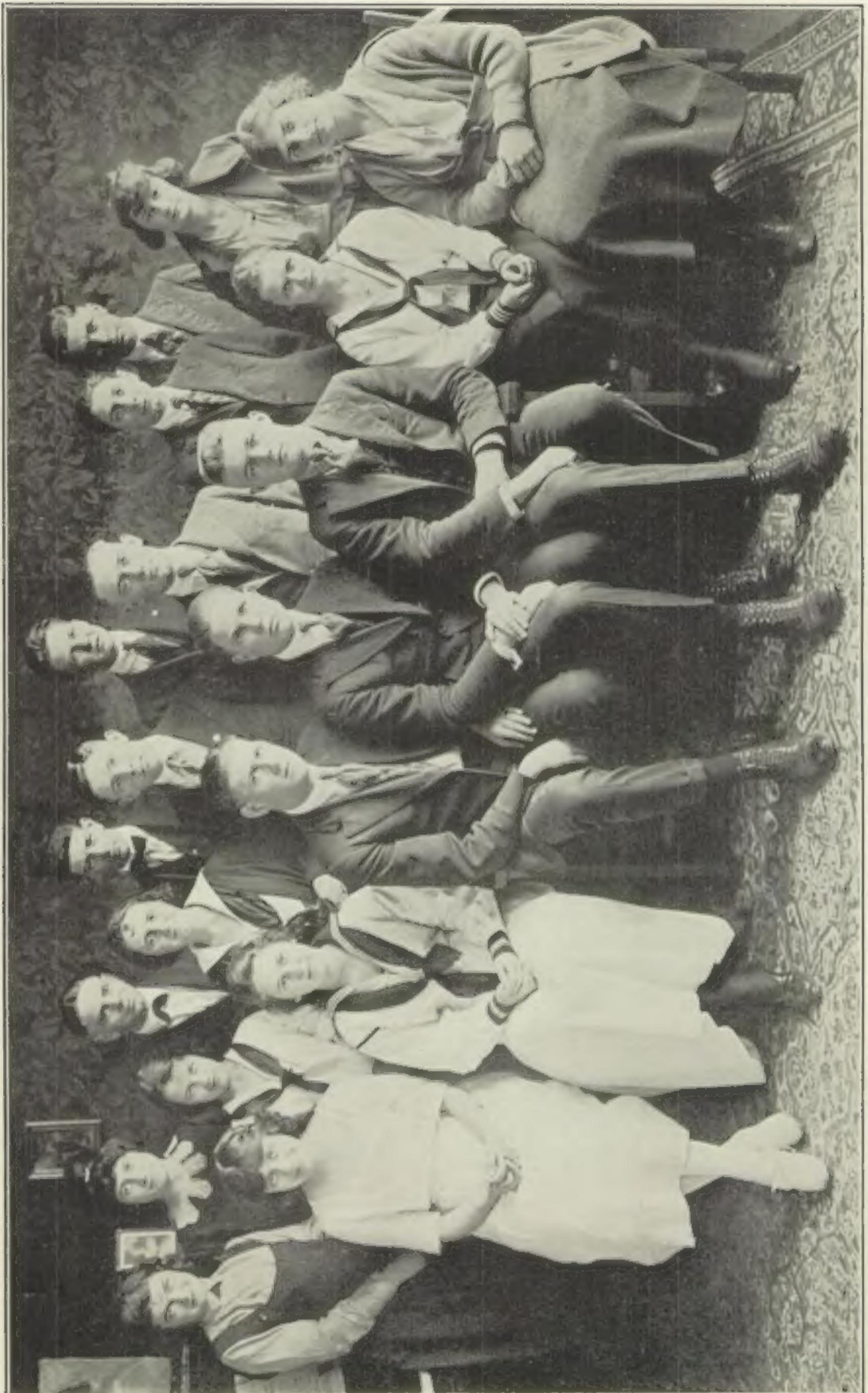
Dedication

IN appreciation of his work as organizer and director of the Fremont Dramatic Workshop, of his tireless efforts in behalf of the school, and of his interest in Fremont and her activities, we, the students of Fremont High School, dedicate this book to MR. JACOBSEN.





E. W. JACOBSEN



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Foreword



INCE the earliest period of the existence of mankind, far beyond the remotest ray that history has cast over the unfamiliar past, men have endeavored to leave some manner of record of their exploits, not alone to keep fresh their memory of their deeds, but that those who followed them might have a means of knowing what their predecessors had done, and that they might profit by their successes and their failures.

And modern mankind has inherited the inborn desire of their prehistoric ancestors to leave behind them a material record of their achievements.

The FLAME of Fremont has originated in the desire of the students of Fremont High to perpetuate the memory of the things which they have done as an organized student body.

The editors of the FLAME have attempted within the brief limit of its pages to render a true portrayal of Fremont as it is, to record the activities of the past school year, and to convey to the reader something of the inspiration that those who have attended Fremont have drawn from its associations and from the ideals for which it stands.

Seniors

Honor Rolls

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ARTISE HAWKINS
LORIS LAMB
HAZEL LAMB

MARGUERITE NUNAN
MAXWELL RUCKER
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ENID REMICK
PEARL SPRING
ERNESTINE FRANZEN
MARGARET WILKINSON
OMO GRIMWOOD
BERNICE CORRIGAN
ESTHER HODGE
LAURA KAISER
HAROLD WASHBURN
MARTHA SEIDL
PEARL BLAKE

Alice Nunes
Alma Nail
Alfreda Mally
Leslie Clark
Jessie Brown
Lawton Champion
Gerald Mushet
Jessie Doig
Eloise Brasher
Vernal Pickford
Fred Barr
Lillian Jory

Class of
January, 1920



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JOHN TALT GENEVIEVE DICKINSON EMOGENE HALL
CLIFFORD CASTLE MAXINE HIBERT JOSEPHINE COOPER VIRGINIA SHAW
WILHEMINA GREBE MABEL NIELSEN MARGUERITE NUNAN
EVELYN FITZSIMMONS WESLEY HILTON VIVIAN TAYLOR FRANKLIN BRADBURY



FLORENCE ANDERSON

ACI ST. CHEYRIAS

CARMEN GALLIA

RALPH FREEMAN

IRMA WILCOX

LLOYD DURRELL

BERNICE KIMBALL

THADDEUS KOSCINSKI

ESTELLE EDDY

HAROLD ANDERSON

MYRA FREDENBURG

GILES CALDWELL

KATHERINE MURCHISON

MARY GILLES

INEZ GROWER

MARJORIE BERNARD

FRANK GALLO

MAUD DUNN



ALTHEA CASE

HARRY PAINTER

DOROTHY PRAY

HAMPTON DENMAN

ARTISE HAWKINS

MARIAN SWAYNE

LORIS LAMB

WINFRED TOWER

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Class of
June, 1920



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CELIA AMSLER

MARY BAKER

ROSCOE ALLEN

CLAUDINE NIELSEN

ALMA NAIL

LAWTON CHAMPION

MARGARET WILKINSON

PEARL BLAKE

GRACE HYDE

RUTH THOMAS

CAROL GORDON

MELBOURNE WRIGHT

JOSEPHINE LYALE

JAMES AVERELL

FRED JOLLY

SUSANNE GARDNER

CHARLOTTE COLYAR



NORINE STRAUB

ALICE JOHNSON

ENID REMICK

GEORGE STEWART

LOUISE HUDDLESTON

HENRY FRANZEN

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LLOYD WILLIAMS

Alice Nunes

ADELAIDE SMITH

LOLITA CARDEN

CAROLINE JOCHINS

MELVIN JORY

HAROLD WASHBURN

CHARLOTTE KNIGHT

GERALD MUSHET

LUCILLE WOLLASTON

ALAN PROBERT

BEATRICE HAZEN

RONALD DODGE

ESTHER SPAIR

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LOLITA CARDEN LAURA KAISER MABEL MURCHISON VERA ENDERS



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ESTELLE BREEN

MARJORIE GRASSER

CHARLOTTE DOIG

IRMA NAIL

Alice FAKE

ESTHER HODGE

WIN NEWCOMB

Fritz STENZEL

EARL PROSSER

ALICE FAKE

LESLIE BROWN

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LeROY WOLCOTT
GERTRUDE HATCH
LUCY SKELTON

CLARA CLARK
RALPH ANDERSON
ESTHER MAUSKOPF

Almanac

By MARJORIE GRASSER.



"Dad" Time is always on the job, tearing down one calendar month and putting up another. With him there are but three things—past, present and future. So on and on he goes making the future the present, the present the past, and the past a memory.

Hence for the term of June, '20, I'll act as Fremont's Secretary and take down Time's minutes and record them in—a memory.

JANUARY.

Monday, Jan. 26. "Well, write pretty; this is the last time you'll sign up. Doesn't seem like our last term; make it fast and we'll go to the T. & D.; glad the Seniors were given first day to sign up on."

Tuesday, Jan. 27. Juniors, "pay as you enter" and get admit cards.

Wednesday, Jan. 28. And still they sign up. Board of Health issues a "bull" saying: "Stay out of school till the quarantine is lifted, unless you are vaccinated."

Thursday, Jan. 29. "Now, dear, you stand right in line here. Mother will be right back." Freshmen, sign up. Dance in the gym for upper classmen.

FEBRUARY.

Monday, Feb. 2. Contrary to Scripture—on the seventh day we started work.

Tuesday, Feb. 3. About 500 are initiated into "The League of Vaccine-Nations."

Wednesday, Feb. 4. Headlines in the term's first *Green and Gold*:

"1600 students register."

"FLAME staff appointed."

"Journalism class visits Tribune."

"Six new teachers arrive at Fremont."

"New plans for R. O. T. C. work."



Thursday, Feb. 5. The O. K. Klub, alias the Basement Committee, appointed. "Well, your college entrance depends on whether or not you get all 1's this term." Mr. Brasfield starts interviewing the Seniors.

Friday, Feb. 6. Ha! Ha! germs, we laugh right at you! Quarantine lifted. Looked over the new curtains in the Auditorium and Little Theatre. Surely are wonders! Velour drop curtains of deep maroon revealing drapes of monk's cloth. Price tag: \$850.

Monday, Feb. 9. Dramatic Workshop announces four plays for the 25th and 26th. Noon basketball rally. Coach Street speaks and introduces our "Happy Huskies." The Quartette render several little ditties, the Harmony Five jazzed jazzy jazzes.

Tuesday, Feb. 10. "Nine big ones for the Fremont High Basketers, hit 'em hard, let's go!" The first league game. Fremont, 55—Vocational, 9.

Wednesday, Feb. 11. Rosemary and George marked absent. I don't know,—either Mary Pickford or Wallace Reid.

Thursday, Feb. 12. "A man tried and true, an American to the heart's core." Assembly was held in observance of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. Colonel Ralph G. Faneuf, of the American Legion, speaks on "100 per cent Americanism." Mr. William H. Atwood brings the message of the G. A. R.'s.

Friday, Feb. 13. Whew, pull in your ears; here comes a black cat!

"Oh, yes, he got it in our class. I knew he would." Class elections.

"May I trouble you for a bun?" The Public Speaking class give a luncheon in the Caf.

Monday, Feb. 16. (Gap, Gap). Aw, this is Monday.

Tuesday, Feb. 17. "Come on, Watty, atta boy." Watson Bray elected yell leader and Earl Trebilcott, assistant.

Wednesday, Feb. 18. Commercial Department gives demonstration to the Frosh.



Thursday, Feb. 19. "60 gowns for 80 girls." A class meeting is held for the purpose of discussing graduation. This term will graduate the largest class ever graduated from Fremont. A suggestion is made to divide the class into two sections and have one section graduate Thursday night and the other Friday night. The sentiment of the class is strongly against the idea.

Friday, Feb. 20. Three bells! Mrs. Stebbins of Mills reads the "Twelve Pound Look." The Oakland Trio, Josephine Holub, violin; Margaret Avery, 'cello; Joy Holloway, piano, round the assembly into a sure enuff one.

Monday, Feb. 23. Thanks to George Washington, we have a holiday.

Tuesday, Feb. 24. Either by means of hair tonic or blackening, the Seniors (boys only) come all blossomed out in moustaches.

Wednesday, Feb. 25. This is a day of mourning. Bow your heads with me, students, in respect and reverence for the deceased. "They lived to the best of their ability and died for the happiness of others." The Juniors jump the Seniors on the campus and assassinate their moustaches. Again we bow in reverence.

Thursday, Feb. 26. First allotment of deficiency cards.

Friday, Feb. 27. "Save me a seat in assembly!" Mr. Emil Greves, of Foster & Kleiser speaks on "The Art of the Poster." Esther Mauskopf plays a violin solo. The P. G.'s come to assembly all prettied up in green and yellow ties of the sea-sick variety.

MARCH.

Monday, March 1. Girls hold first meeting at the Y. W. C. A. swimming tank. Track, basketball, baseball, tennis, etc., all coming along great. Rally for Oakland-Fremont game.

Tuesday, March 2. To quote the G. & G. "Yes, Gang, we were defeated." Oakland tallied 23 and Fremont 22 in the second league game.

Wednesday, March 3. "May I have this dance?" Noon dances start again.



Thursday, March 4. "Good Citizens and Their Relation to the Nation" is the subject of the talk given by Professor Lebrick in Assembly. Omo Grimwood sings, accompanied by Nathalie Wollin.

Friday, March 5. "I'm Annabelle; who are you?"

The Juniors give the Frosh a "Get acquainted party." The Freshmen assembly hears musical program by local talent. "Ashalius" is presented by the California Dramatic School in the evening for the benefit of the "Near East Relief." Bobbie Robertson also speaks.

Monday, March 8. "Girls Only" assembly.

(P. S. just inserted to arouse curiosity).

Tuesday, March 9. "Hie thee hence!" Omo Grimwood and Fritz Stenzel are chosen to represent Fremont in the Shakespearean contest at the Greek Theater. A miniature stage is transplanted into the hall case, and scenes from the coming Workshop plays exhibited therein.

Thursday, March 11. "Chee-Chee Baa Baa!"

Rally for Tech-Fremont League game. Earl and Watty introduce the new aesthetic yell, "Chee-Chee."

Friday, March 12. Somebody's clock didn't tell the truth! Robbie Robertson fails to appear on time. However, between the Orchestra, Nat, Omo and LeRoy we have a perfectly good assembly.

Monday, March 15. How many! Tickets on sale for Workshop plays. Stand in line, please.

Tuesday, March 16. Nobody got married, died or did anything exciting.

Wednesday, March 17. Noon dance! Vance Carter mixes worse than metaphors and explodes an experiment in Chem.

Thursday, March 18. Crew practice. Yes, that happens all the time, but I didn't have anything else to say for today.

Friday, March 19. "Seeing Things" is the subject of a talk by Mr. Lindsley of Mills. Gladys Washburn plays a 'cello selection and Anita Hough sings. Both are numbered among our alumnae.

Monday, March 22. "Going Strong" atmosphere around the little theater.



Tuesday, March 23. Old Clothes Day postponed till April 9.

Wednesday, March 24. Sure, I'm coming. Workshop issue of the *Green and Gold*.

Thursday, March 25. 8:15—Straight ahead and to your right. 11:30—Great, eh? Workshop plays.

Friday, March 26. Inter-class track meet. Teachers give Miss Spellar a farewell luncheon. Workshop plays.

Pack up your books on your locker shelf and smile, smile, smile!

VACATION!!

APRIL.

Monday, April 5. Back on the job again.

Tuesday, April 6. Glad I'm smart 'stead of beautiful. 112 students make the honor roll.

Wednesday, April 7. "Your constitution complete?" Civic classes form into organizations

Thursday, April 8. Mr. Tupper of University of Wisconsin spoke to several English and history classes on Surnames.

Friday, April 9. "Tack up a Red Letter Day."

As my business is keeping up with Time I won't be able to tell all about it so I'll refer you to the write-up on Old Clothes and Little Kids' Day.

Tuesday, April 13. "Those are awfully good; they don't look a bit like you, but they are great." Seniors start having their pictures taken for the *FLAME*. Sergeant Houser gives the R. O. T. C. boys a talk on military map reading.

Wednesday, April 14. Mr. Tupper writes "The Acid Test" for the Workshop to produce. Norine Straub elected President of the Student Advisory Council.

Thursday, April 15. The girls hold an assembly to discuss a Y. W. C. A. branch at Fremont.

Friday, April 16. "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gave us to see the right" Friday's assembly takes the form of a memorial tribute to Frank Stuart Rosseter, founder of Fremont.



Tuesday, April 20. Why rub it in! The Army Intelligence Binet Test was given to the Seniors and Juniors.

Friday, April 23. Blue Ribbon Kermess, in fact the best one ever given; the Seniors admit it must be so.

Monday, April 26. Blue Monday. The fellows come dolled in overalls. No, not being funny, just fighting H. C. L.

Tuesday, April 27. Junior Red Cross old clothes drive. Girls discuss modification and preservation of clothes and start an anti-silk stocking movement.

Wednesday, April 28. Me'n Time are always impartial. Boys' issue of the G. & G. comes out. Sure, it was a good one.

Thursday, April 29. Lotza plans.

Friday, April 30.

“Though High School days
Have their delights,
They can’t compare
With high school nights.”

Senior Jinx in the Caf and Little Theatre;
Soph Hopp in the Gym.

MAY.

Monday, May 3. Watch the birdie! FLAME staff has pictures taken. The rest of the Seniors and the G. & G. staff also stage a “smile pretty” scene.

Tuesday, May 4. Fremont Huskies journeyed out to the hill back of the Chev factory and remodeled the Oak Hi “O” into an “F.”
A number of the girls go on a sight-seeing party to the “Girls’ Club” in San Francisco.

Wednesday, May 5. “Lady Fingers,” girls’ issue of the G. & G., was passed around and devoured eagerly, confidentially speaking, it was “The” issue.

Thursday, May 6. “Meeting will please come to order.” Arrangements are made for the Seniors to meet each Tuesday and Thursday at advisory period. You know business is so pressing.



Friday, May 7. "Buenos Dias." Prof. Coester of the Spanish Department of Stanford, gives us a bird's eye view of the trip to South America in his address to the assembly.

Miss Burton, Supt. of Store organization of Whitthorne & Swan, talked on "The Department Store and Its Employees" in the Frosh assembly.

Saturday, May 8.

"The Miler runs around the track
In little running pants;
He runs about a mile or so,
And pants and pants and pants."

Fremont came in fourth in O. A. L. track meet.

Monday, May 10. Announcement comes that new gym, shops, athletic field plus bleachers, are allotted to Fremont for next term.

Tuesday, May 11. Jr. ball tossers win interclass.

Wednesday, May 12. Bang! Loud sock day.

Friday, May 14. Clap, clap! Workshop plays.

Saturday, May 15. "Drink the cup of success" or something like that. Anyhow, the girls got the cup and success, Play Day at Mosswood Park, and we all get in on the drinking part of it.

Monday, May 17. Lotta symptoms of the study habit—cards out next week.

Tuesday, May 18. "A poifect 36." Seniors start getting fitted for grad. gowns.

Wednesday, May 19. Woof! Woof! Cub issue of the G. & G. Noon dance. Parents' night.

Thursday, May 20. Prom Propaganda.

Friday, May 21. "The Old World as We See It" or rather as it was shown us by Professor Lindsley in Friday's assembly. Junior Prom.

Monday, May 24. I hereby tender my resignation as Time's Secretary. His inconsistency makes it impossible for me to remain longer in his services. He demands that all FLAME copy be in this week and refuses to foretell accurately the happenings for the rest of the term until their proper time. My position is obvious; I must have all copy in today and at the same time have this record cover the entire term. The injustice of it all forces me to discontinue my services.



LITERARY



Ideals

By ARDIS GEHRING

MR. FREEMAN of the United Press Association gazed in perplexity and exasperation at the dark eyed, middle aged man before him.

"But Halbert," he insisted, "surely you find no fault with my proposition. I have even offered to stand the traveling expenses of a companion."

"I'll tell you why I reject your offer. All my life I have been catering to you editors; always I have accepted the subject given me and diligently worked upon it. I have acquired a name, well known and respected, and always I have longed to write a story of my own choosing and 'nothing on God's green earth' will keep me from it now."

"Well, I see no reason why you shouldn't be a little independent. Accept my offer, go to India, take a companion if you like, and while you are writing my articles, you can be collecting good material for your own masterpiece."

"I have chosen my subject, Freeman, and the material can be found here and here alone. It must be acquired thru experience. I have already ordered room and board in a real tenement district and shall take the initiatory step in my quest toward the end of the week."

"Oh, so you intend to live among the lowly. You are to play the role of Diogenes, as it were."

"Something to that effect. I am in pursuit of ideals that I know exist. I shall tackle the newsboy first. It is my intention to appeal to his better self."

"You will probably find that a newsy will grab anything he can lay his hands on and that is all. I will give you just one month in which to sign my agreement. You will have your fill then of idealism in the slums and be coming down to earth."

"Thanks, Freeman, that's a compact. If at the end of a month, by the very merest chance I find that I have been mistaken or if I have the essential

material for which I am looking. I will take up your work in India and finish my book at a later date."

* * * * *

At the end of three weeks in a boarding house.

Jack Halbert had gained little satisfaction in his idealistic quest, except to obtain the sincere friendship of little Elizabeth Elliott and her invalid mother who earned her scant livelihood by doing bits of sewing and embroidery.

It was the first sunny morning of his fourth week and Jack stopped a little newsy who had attracted his interest for some time.

"What do you consider the greatest thing in life, my lad?" he asked anxiously.

"Nix on the education stuff. If you wanna a paper gimme the money."

Jack meekly paid for a paper and retreated to his doorway. In the dark, gloomy hall he encountered a golden ray of sunlight.

"Good morning, my Princess Elizabeth. How fares it with her Highness this morning? I am about to pay a call to your mother. Is she well?"

"Not very well, dear Mr. Jack. The doctor is there now and mother has a heartache."

"The heart again? I am very sorry; I'll run up to see whether I can be of assistance."

The little lady, who smiled so sweetly at Jack, was another Elizabeth in features, with the exception that the eyes were not as deep a violet nor the cheeks so pink.

Jack accompanied the doctor to the foot of the stairs.

"I'll tell you, Halbert, that little woman is one of the bravest I have seen. But she cannot last long. The least excitement will be the end."

"Is her heart that bad? If anything happens to Mrs. Elliott, I shall become Elizabeth's self-appointed guardian. She has no relatives, and the child would mean much to me."

Jack Halbert solemnly turned on his heel and sought the solitude of his own chamber. Looking out of his window, he observed the same little newsy he had encountered, marching methodically up and down yelling "Morning papers" at the top of his voice.

Suddenly Jack gripped the arm of his chair and just as suddenly the yelling ceased. That familiar golden head was directly in front of a swiftly approaching touring car. Then instantaneously the tiny form was thrown aside, and the little newsboy went down before the speeding car.

Jack hurried into the street and thru the crowd. With Elizabeth in his arms he knelt beside the still figure, and solemnly removed his hat. His theory was correct; it had been proved by the supreme sacrifice of this grimy street urchin whose ideals were at last realized.

When he reached the room across the hall, he found lying near the window, the figure of Mrs. Elliott and her face wore a smile of gratitude.

"She must have seen all," he breathed, "and the shock was more than her frail little body could endure."

It was announced in the morning issue of the *Herald* that Jack Halbert, the well known novelist and poet, was bound for India accompanied by his ward, Miss Elizabeth Elliott, aged seven.

After completing a series of articles relating to the native East Indian, he expects to see publication of his masterpiece to be entitled "IDEALS."



A Memory

Beside the placid waters where the moonlight loves to dwell

 And where voices softly murmur in the trees,

I have built my lonely campfires where the shadows gently tell

 And the curling smoke was carried in the breeze.

I have heard the wild things speaking, calling, crying in the dark,

 And these sounds of Nature filled me with delight;

I have heard the wild coyote with his mournful howl and bark

 And the owl's "to-whoo" that echoes thru the night.

I have slept on lofty mountain peaks that tower to the sky

 Above the sheltered valleys, far below;

Here the whistling winds sweep o'er me as in solitude I lie

 'Neath my blankets watching mystic starlight glow.

I have wandered by the rivers and I've followed winding trails

 That led thru flowering fields and hillsides green;

I have camped in summer sunshine and in raging winter gales

 Which blew in fitful gusts, ice-cold and keen.

But in all the realms of Nature, there's one place I hold the sweetest,

 Where the sunlight shines forever from the sky;

There with her one day I wandered and in recollections dearest,

 I recall this memory of days gone by.

The Dancer in Scarlet

By DOROTHY WELLS

AS the heavy velvet curtains fell back, Bob leaned toward me and whispered, "We're back in Sunny Spain, old man. Remember—Spain?"

As he spoke, there flashed into my mind a vision of an old Spanish village, with its narrow streets, its squatting, sun-baked adobe houses, and the old plaza, with its ancient cobbles worn smooth by the shuffle of thousands of naked feet, gaily decked in the brilliant festival flags.

Dark skinned gypsies walked the streets and swarmed over the plaza, dressed in their brightly colored holiday costumes, and wearing fresh flowers in their dusky hair, and beads about their necks. Above the hum and clatter of excited voices throbbed the low sweet note of a mandolin and guitar. Somewhere in the crowd a girl's high and melodious voice could be heard singing old gypsy ballads. Then came a sudden parting of the crowd, and a girl, dark eyed and with hair like matchless jet, leaped to the center of the cleared space. As she stood poised for an instant, with lips parted and eyes laughing defiance, slick head thrown back, and cheeks that matched her crimson skirt, she seemed like a great scarlet and black butterfly fluttering on the edge of a leaf in readiness for an alarmed flight. Then she began to dance.

All the wild, free grace of the mountain gypsies, the gay, care-free joy of the great open and the proud, reckless assurance of the Spaniard seemed to have been incarnated in the rhythmical movements of her lithe body.

The crowd of spectators was steadily increasing, each one eager for a glimpse of the renowned beauty, the famed dancer, the pride and joy of the large gypsy tribe.

Faster and faster beat the music of the guitar and mandolin and equally fast danced Titana, for her heart was as light as her feet this day. Was not Leonardo coming to town to see her? Would he not be proud to see her dance well? Did any one have such a sweetheart as she? He was hers, and she, Titana the beautiful, might wind him about her pretty finger if she wished. No wonder the girl danced so happily, so haughtily, so self assured.

Suddenly her heart leaped with added excitement, for above the heads of the crowd she saw the broad shoulders of Leonardo. Titana smiled and waved a gay hand, but Leonardo did not catch the motion. His eyes were fixed upon some one at his side.

Slowly Titana's cheek grew pale. Cruel little twists crept about the corners of her baby mouth and her half closed eyes became flecked with jealousy—jealous of her beautiful twin sister leaning on the arm of Leonardo, Leonardo the wonder lover; tall, dark, smooth browed, all desirable. But now he no longer loved her. He preferred her quiet sister, whose gentle face had a serene, dove-like beauty, to her own wild

grace. How she hated them both as they stood there with such happy, contented faces watching the play of sunlight on the waters of the fountain and talking in undertones. They were utterly heedless of her presence.

Hot rage swelled in her breast. Was she, Titana, the "Little Queen of the Gypsies," the most famous dancer of the land, the most sought after girl in all the surrounding country, to be publicly rejected by the man whom she herself had announced as her intended? Blind, passionate anger shook her so that she could scarcely stand. But she was proud and vain and she would not admit herself beaten. Slowly she began once more the dance. The hot tide of emotion was finding its outlet in her feet. Faster and faster she whirled. Her feet seemed to be fairly lost in the swirl of her short skirts. Her fingers snapped sharply, rhythmically, like the even crack of electricity. Now the poppy-decked head thrown back, cheeks aflame with the excitement and exertion of the dance, and skirts in a scarlet froth, she whirled nearer and nearer to the young couple.

Among the spectators who watched this little by-play was Antonio, brother of Leonardo. Although of much the same build, Antonio lacked the charming grace of his younger brother. The darkness of his face seemed to typify the gloomy life that he led. Dull, moody and sulky, he enjoyed none of the popularity of his brother. Although not noticeably shunned, he was avoided as much as possible and the youngsters of the village stepped aside when he passed. To add to the misfortune of a homely face, a melancholy nature and a sensitive soul, his right hand, through a sword wound, had been rendered useless. Not once since the arrival of Titana had he been seen to smile. Antonio's mute love for the gay dancer was known to all the villagers and respected by all but the girl herself. Daily she mocked the appeal in his eyes and daily his straight lips became tighter and a peculiar light grew steadily beneath his heavy eyelids.

With folded arms he stood watching the dancer as she swayed to that soft music like a radiant flower in the sunlight. His black eyes glowed as he watched. How gloriously she was dancing! Now like thistledown; now like a fiery ball of flame; now anger, fear and jealousy spoke through her movements.

The crowd pressed forward with faces eager for excitement as Titana drifted towards Leonardo with smiling lips and daring, pleading eyes. Moving close to him, she whispered in her low, throaty voice:

"Leonardo mine! Why do you linger here?"

Leonardo turned slow, inquiring eyes upon her.

"Hello! What have we here?" he laughed with a good-natured sneer. "Run along, little one. Don't let me keep you!"

Titana fell back as if struck. Deep crimson flooded her face and neck at the implied insult. As a rippling titter ran through the crowd, an ugly flame leaped in her dusky eyes. For an instant she remained in the half crouching position into which she had fallen, and gazed up at the man like a wild animal at bay. Then with a sudden high sharp laugh, she leaped up

and whirled back toward the center with a hideously fantastic dance motion. Gaining the center, she stopped.

"Leonardo," she shouted shrilly. He turned around. "You forgot the penalty for trifling with Titana's heart! Adios, handsome one! Give my respects to the devil." A single shaft of silver sped through the sunlit air and buried itself in the boy's bright yellow tunic.

Above the shouts of the crowd as they rushed to the boy's body came a high mocking laugh, and in the confusion the little scarlet butterfly with that deadly sting beneath its wing had disappeared.

But had she gone? Who was this black haired girl who stood sharply outlined in her crimson dress against the dark velvet drop? There were the same eyes, the same mouth, though no longer cynical and hard, and the same familiar slim figure of the little dancer in scarlet. Titana, surely, but a Titana with her face unlined by passion.

"She must not escape," I shouted, attempting to rise. "She's a murderer." But my mad rush forward was checked by the seats in front of me and my voice was drowned in the wild burst of applause of the audience.

I sat down abruptly with a shudder. Dreaming again! And yet, the surroundings were very real. I recognized immediately the Metropolitan Opera House and recalled having come there with the desire to be entertained. To have fallen asleep and to have had a night in a place was bad enough, but to wake up and find the object of my dream being applauded by this great audience was too much. To my still bewildered brain it seemed only part of my dream when an old, stooped, white-haired man with a dark and withered skin arose unexpectedly a short distance from me. For an instant he was silhouetted against the footlights and there with an almost imperceptible movement, his left hand flew above his head and a light like the flash of a polished wire leaped across the heads of the spectators, across the blazing footlights, and seemed to disappear against the scarlet bodice of the girl. Without a sound or sign, she slipped to the floor with the wavering flutter of a falling autumn leaf. Across the stage swept a heavy velvet curtain.

* * * * *

I spread the still day's morning paper out before me and sat staring at the headlines:

"**BRILLIANT DANCER MURDERED!**" Beneath it was the story:

Last night during her initial performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, the Señorita Ramon, a famous dancer, was murdered in a very sudden and unusual manner by an ancient Spaniard giving his name as Antonio. On his arrest early this morning, Antonio at first refused to speak. After a first degree examination he finally broke down and told a very interesting, but doubtful, story.

It seems that his brother, Leonardo, was murdered in a small Spanish town by Ramon's mother, at that time a famous beauty and dancer, called

Titana. The incident was the result of an unfortunate love affair. Antonio followed this dancer's daughter and there lost all trace of her. Many years passed, but Antonio, always on the watch, recognized the resemblance of Ramon to her mother, and with the old mediaeval desire for vengeance, stilettoed the girl at the close of her very successful performance.

"My duty is done," said Antonio as he pleaded guilty before Judge Murphy this morning.

"The sins of the parents shall be visited upon their children," said the judge as he gave the sentence of first degree murder.

I looked across the table at Bob as I finished reading.

"But—" I began. Bob smiled gently.

"Don't you remember? We saw the whole episode while we were traveling through Spain when we were kids with our folks. You were so young then that you don't remember consciously, but sub-consciously you do. That dream you had was only a very unusual trick of the subconscious memory. A familiar face often brings back such stories."

Bob may be right, but to this day I can't remember ever having seen any such thing while in Spain.



LITERATURE

By GERTRUDE DASCAL

WHAT is literature? Literature is knowledge and fancy preserved in writing. But how wide and far-reaching is its field? There is everything from our first fairy tales to the accumulated thinking of all time within the pages of a literary volume. Whatever uplifts and brightens us is true literature. It may be but a phrase or a sentence. Again it is a lyric, a story, or a drama. It is something which appeals alike to all ages and through the ages. To the young, it is a study, whose beauties are yet to be learned; to the middle-aged, a joy and inspiration; to the old, a comfort. In the many volumes of prose and poetry, there is preserved from age to age the thoughts and emotions of men, their joys and sorrows, their loves and hates, their victories and defeats, their triumphs, and their philosophies of life.

The great variety of writing gives us a large field in which to roam. The literature of our neighbors across the sea is full of fascination. The Greeks and Romans, as well as the Norsemen, have given us myths which stir our imaginations and fairly make us feel the presence of the gods. The old English ballads still ring with the voice of the minstrels. Thrilling, adventurous romances and dramas are ever young. The lyrics still stir our souls with their beauty and music as they did of old. The philosophies of the Greeks, as well as those of our Oriental friends, will ever sound through the ages. Our own literature, too, is full of the beauty of the sparrow's song, and the philosophy of a new life in a new country. There is that spirit of liberty and adventure in it which brought our forefathers to this country more than three centuries ago.

The intimate acquaintance we form with the world's greatest thinkers through good reading enriches and inspires our lives, and helps us mold our characters. As the bee steals the honey of the flower, so may we steal our sweets from the centuries of thought that have been gathered for us.

The world's greatest men want to live in our humble dwellings and want to seek our friendship. Their secrets are ours for the asking. The following verse by Wordsworth expresses this in a beautiful way:

"Books are yours,
Within those silent chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And Orient gems which, for a day of need,
The sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs.
These hoards of truth you can unlock at will."

A Midsummer's Day Dream

By BLOSSOM TABER

IT was a close, sultry, summer day—just the kind of a day when all dream of cool, sparkling mountain streams, where with a book in one hand, and a pillow of fragrant pine cones all men are princes.

A bird drowsily whistled a love note, a bee buzzed lazily from flower to flower, a soft zephyr bringing with it the scent of an old fashioned garden and the sweet perfume of mignonettes, tea roses and lilacs softly stirred the air and wafted a lone leaf from a near-by tree. Quietly it watched the leaf float listlessly to earth, and then like the invisible elf that it was whirled past a blossoming tree, robbed it of some of its fairy petals and then went, just as daintily and softly as it came.

It was just such a day as this that I took my favorite book and sauntered out in the garden under a blossoming peach tree to read and dream fanciful little day dreams that we love—love because they take us past the rainbow's end into our land of heart's desire and let us peer into the castle of our dreams and fancies.

A meadow lark in the branches above me was singing to the world, singing his praises to the Almighty and his happiness in the pure joy of living.

I lazily opened my book, fingered the pages and idly scanned the lines, but the air was warm and I was drowsy, my eyes grew tired, the words became faint, the print—

Then from the distances I half heard the sound of music enchanting in its indistinctness. And as the strains came nearer I recognized it as Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

And with it came—Yes, straight from the land of heart's desire, straight from the land beyond the rainbow's end and right into the workaday world, a bride—a bride in soft, clinging white, with cheeks tinged and with the radiance of youth and happiness, eyes frank and true blue. As I looked, a breeze caught a lock of hair in the curve of her neck, and blew it caressingly across her cheek. She was such a girl as one meets in dreams.

And then there was the groom, so nervous that one little smile would have sent him running, knees quaking, tortured under the strain of a dress suit and the glances of vanquished suitors, wondering into which pocket he put the ring anyway, but proud over all of the prize he had won.

Then came the beaming Dad, her pal of yesterday, in the height of his glory, and in the happiest moment of his life. In his gray eyes shone the glory of a lifetime.

Then there was Mother, a lilac mother, in a neat little gown, leaning on Dad's arm and remembering the day, her wedding day, when she and Dad proudly marched down the aisle of the little white church, and happy now in knowing that she is not losing a daughter, but gaining a son.

And Billy, how could I ever forget Billy, the ever adoring small brother who hated that stiff collar, but was glad there was going to be cake, and as his facile expression showed was "Darned sorry to lose so many good nickels?"

The march ended, the ceremonies were being performed, the ring was just being slipped on when—with a start I awoke, just in time to see the sun setting in the West and sending a rosy glow over the earth, and just in time to hear my meadow lark end his song with one mad, little final trill.

I picked up my book and I started for the house, but I did so want to see the finish of that wedding. Then a voice behind me said, "Wish, and it shall be yours."

A wish, and it would be mine. Oh! I did want to see the end of that wedding, but as I wavered fate decided for me.

"I wish," and at that moment the golden sun sinking broke through the clouds and scattered golden rays over the rosy tinted sky. Then, as it prompted my meadow lark burst into a glorious, ecstatic song, still swinging on the pink and white bedecked tree.

I was decided the wedding was from the land of enchantment. I belonged to the land of reality. So without hesitation I whispered almost reverently:

"I wish," and will be happy always if I may forever remember a blossoming peach tree, a meadow lark singing in its branches and a sunset of rose and gold.



Life and Work

Let him who labors, daily recompensed
By cravèd gold, fore'er despair to see
The glory of achievement won, and he
Who striveth thus, looks on each day commenced
With sordid heart and rigid spirit fenced
From love and kindness; no poesy,
No verse composed in heartfelt harmony
Can touch that cheerless soul; his mind, incensed
With golden avarice, directs his hands
From loving work; and now death has begun
To claim his wasted limbs with cold demands;
His feeble work is o'er, the Fates have spun
His life, but ere they cut the gilded strands,
Too late he sees the things he might have done.

—*Leslie Clark.*

"Efo Eso Powlo"

By DOROTHY WELLS

IT lay like a gleaming, perfect jewel in its setting of white marble, and the thousand warmly colored reflections from a sinking sun caressed it softly, lingering beneath the unmarred surface like so many streaks of colorful fires. Great mysterious shadows lurked where giant willows cast their image, and charmed white fauns stood gracefully rigid upon the brink, gazing into the green depths.

On the side opposite the willowed end stood white Grecian pillars, supporting Greek arches and entwining bowers of great pink roses. Beneath were marble seats, at the feet of which, descending to the very soul of the jewel itself, were snowy steps, carved in the side of the great setting. The warm gaze of the sun was softening now, and the pink and gold in the gem was fading slowly. A cooler, more transparent gleam from a rising moon, and the pale flicker of reborn stars against their darkening background of heaven, were slipping into its place. The pink was gone, the gold was fading, and a delicate turquoise above was giving way to the dark, fathomless blue of velvet. Pale stars became shimmering diamonds of matchless purity, and were reflected like living sparks in the great jewel below. A full round moon climbing over the dark hills touched the gem with its light, and it became a brilliant sparkling rival of those heavenly diamonds. White moonbeams seemed to fairly leap from the flawless marble, and playing hide and seek among the Portals of Greek youths, paled the pink of the roses to white, harmonizing them into the tranquil, yet living scene, painted in dusky shadows and the transparent mysticism of moonlight. Suddenly the stillness of this dream night was broken by a loud whisper from the willows; an answer was hissed from the Portals of Socrates, and instantaneously a number of figures glided forth, poised themselves on the edge of the dazzling white marble, and with one accord and scarcely a sound, disappeared in the mass of molten silver. A second later dark objects began appearing on its surface, and voices echoed through the air. Happy, contented voices they were, and the dark objects seemed to be having a joyously good time, floating swiftly from one end to the other.

A shout suddenly coming from the eastern side, silenced them, and for the first time I looked behind me. I looked a second and third time, and finally decided that I was not seeing things, for there stood old F. H. S. itself, just as whitely austere and scholarly as in the days of old. I turned again to the bright apparition, a slow light of comprehension dawning in my confused mind. The figures that had been frolicking in its surface were gone, but there gleaming silver in the brilliant night was—but no! It

wasn't possible—and yet there at the base was engraved the words: "Dedicated in 1930 to _____. It didn't seem true, and yet it was—glory of glories—it was "Fremont Swimming Pool." Throwing back my head I was about to utter a shout of triumph when—I awoke abruptly, and thus put an end to another perfect dream.



Vers Libre

As we rode past house after house
The same dreary lines in each,
Crowded close together in huddled ugliness,
I wondered why people built them,
Why there was no attempt at beauty.
A weary feeling crept over me
And my mind questioned thus:
"Why do people live? What joy in life
When they must stay amid such ugliness?"
Then someone near me said:
"See! the sun sets behind Tamalpais."
And a rush of joy thrilled through me
As I looked on the golden glory.
I knew that life was good
And there was beauty and loveliness
That man could never mar
And, too, that I loved people and life!



Nemophila

In the time when every one believed in fairies, there lived among the hills in a far away land a lonely little shepherd lad who tended his sheep all day long. Many, many times as he lay on the hillside where all was hushed and still, he had longed for a little playfellow, but no one ever came.

One day as he lay watching the sheep while they grazed on the hills he fell asleep and when he awoke he saw sitting near by a dear little maiden with golden curls and great blue eyes as blue as the sky. From that very day Nemophila, for that was her name, came every day from a beautiful land far away to play with the little shepherd lad. They raced over the hills together. They picked wild flowers and wove chains of buttercups. In all these happy times Nemophila had never approached very near her companion, and he on one occasion had asked the reason, but she had only looked sad and said, "If ever you should touch me I could not play with you." Her playfellow was mystified by these words, but soon forgot them as they played together.

But one day while they were sailing boats, Nemophila slipped and would have fallen had not her playmate rescued her by grasping her dress, and then there was no Nemophila, but instead in his hand was a tiny Nemophila or baby-blue eyes, as blue as the eyes of his little playfellow.

The sad little lad planted this ethereal and beautiful flower on the slope of the hillside near the stream where he might gaze at her the livelong day, and where you, too, if you choose, may watch her growing.



De Animo Poetatis

The latest product of my pen was done—
A sonnet written during midnight
Of unrelaxing thot; the fragrant flowers
Whereof my poem told—the rising sun
Which in my fancied story had begun
To lift its shining rays o'er eastern bowers
Of trees—the beauties of this world of ours
Were not for me until my tale was spun.

It oft seems thus—that those who wish to tell
Of singing birds and flowering spring-time hills
Must shut themselves as snails within a shell
In uninviting rooms which night time fills
With darkness; then altho the mind rebel,
The pen does what the inspiration wills.

—Leslie Clark.

My Books

When twilight falls and restless day is o'er,
 While fading crimson tints the western sky
 And quiet evening hours before me lie,
I seek my friendly books, eager the more
 To delve enwrapped in their beguiling lore
 Because their luring charms cause minds to fly
 From thots of daily toil; my books belie
The whim that pain is all life holds in store.
Some books of mine convey me to bright stars
 Of hope that glow in space unlimited
By aught but mortal fancy; transient hours
 May pass unheeded while, with spirit fled
From care, I find in books new powers,
 And then in joy return to life's hard tread.

—*Leslie Clark.*



Song Fits

By MARJORIE GRASSER

“I Ain’t ‘en Got ‘en No Time to Have the Blues”—Faculty.

“That Old Refrain”—Fremont Hymn.

“Under Orders”—R. O. T. C.

“Just Leave It to Me”—Mr. Yerge.

“Somebody’s Sweetheart”—Madge Mires.

“Golden Hours”—June 18 to August.

“Sensation”—You’re wanted in the office.

“To Be Together Is the Thing”—Assembly.

“Oh, Mother, I’m Wild”—Dick Shaw.

“Carolina Sunshine”—Caroline Yost’s hair.

“Standin’ in de Need o’ Prayer”—Before term records go in.

“Hesitating Blues”—Till your name’s posted on the graduation list.

“Don’t Take Advantage of My Good Nature”—Miss Moorshead.

“Souvenir”—Our diplomas when we can’t go to college on them.

“When My Baby Smiles at Me”—Evelyn Green.

“Oh, How I Laugh When I Think How I Cried Over You”—Deficiency cards.

“You Are Free”—P. G.’s.

“Dance It Again With Me”—Floyd Grimes at the noon dances.

“A la Luna”—After the Senior Ball.

“Harem Life”—Earl Treb. in the G. & G. office during girls’ issue.

“Tell Me”—Where’s your O. K.?

“You Know What I Mean”—Five nights for you.

“When I’m Gone You’ll Soon Forget”—Seniors.

“I’ll Always Be Waiting for You”—College.

“Keep Movin’”—Frosh.

“Sometime”—Getting by without an O. K.

“Mystery”—Leslie Brown’s graduation.

“Why Did You Do It?”—Cutting.

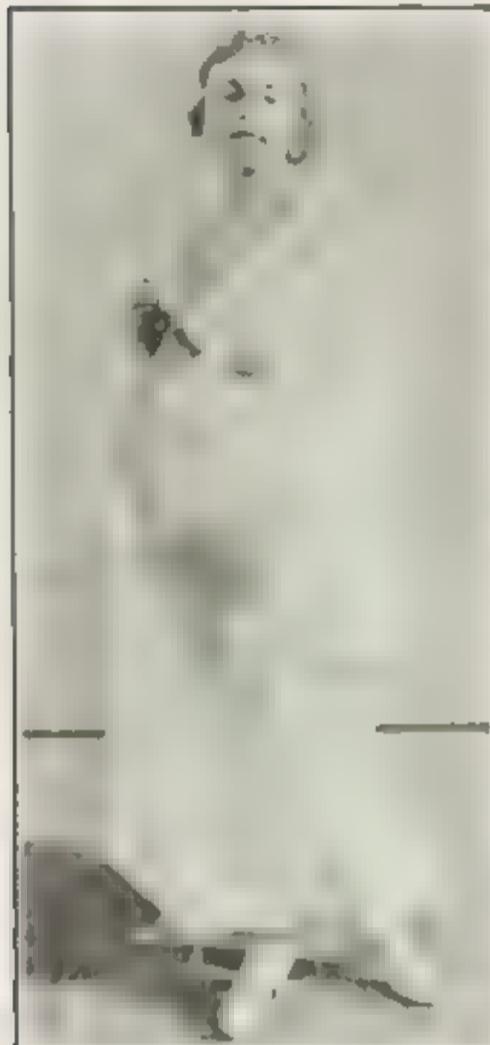
“Nobody Knows”—What happens in the teachers’ conference on the graduates.

“That’s Worth While Waiting For”—Diploma.

“She’s a Good Fellow”—Alyce Fletcher.

“Patches”—Boys’ anti-H. C. L.

Dramatic Workshop



NEVER before have dramatics played so prominent a part in the activities of Fremont as they have played since Mr. Jacobsen organized the Dramatic Workshop last year. Under his supervision the members of the Workshop have made a name for Fremont in the Thespian art and have established a brilliant reputation for superior amateur productions.

The dramatic event of the fall term was the presentation of the Dramatic Workshop plays in November under the able direction of Mr. Jacobsen. These four one-act plays were "Nevertheless," "The Hawk," "The Florist Shop" and "The Hand of the Prophet."

"NEVERTHELESS."

The play, "Nevertheless," dealt with the trials of a burglar who tried to keep straight and those of a small boy and girl learning to speak correct English.

As the curtain rises, the girl is reading, and the boy rushes in and demands his share of their savings.

They argue, but finally make an agreement to let the fairies decide. Instead of the fairies, the burglar who can't go straight sneaks up, upsets the bank and scares the kiddies.

Carol Swickard as the girl was exceptionally good and played her part cleverly. The part of the boy was well portrayed by Morris Cox, as well as that of the burglar by George Stewart.





DRAMATIC WORKSHOP

"The Hawk"

THAT strategy overcomes force was proven in "The Hawk," a truly dramatic play.

The play deals with the "Hawk's" attempts to gain possession of a famous necklace, the "Thirty-three," in the possession of Mrs. Simms Van, who is confined to her chair by paralysis.

Miller, "The Hawk," and Lucille, the maid, Miller's accomplice, lay their trap. Mrs. Simms Van is overpowered, both in strength and numbers, and decides to use strategy and wit. By the power of suggestion she forces Lucille to shoot Miller, attempts to give the girl a fair chance, but finds that the girl has taken one of the precious stones of her necklace. At this time her companion rushes in and because of the shooting, which was heard outside, an officer is with her.

Both Miller and Lucille are turned over to the police and Mrs. Simms Van, still cool and at ease, orders her daily afternoon ride.

The part of the sly, but stupid, crook was ably played by Harrison Gardner. Lucille, Mrs. Simms Van's maid and Miller's confederate, was cleverly portrayed by Blossom Taber. Charlotte Doty as Mrs. Simms Van, was exceptionally good. Mrs. Simms Van's companion was taken by Maxine Huber, and the role of officer was played by Milton Ogden.

"The Florist Shop"

"THE FLORIST SHOP" was another one of the clever Workshop plays.

The cast of the play consisted of the following: Mr. Slovsky, owner of the florist shop, Milton Stoakes; Maud, the clerk, Bernice Kimball; Henry, the errand boy, Herrick Parker; Miss Wells, a customer, Dorothy Wells; Mr. Jackson, Miss Wells' fiance, Paul Brown.

The scene of the play is in Slovsky's shop, where Maud takes great interest in her work.

Miss Wells, an unfortunate customer, is discovered by Maud as having been engaged for fifteen years.

In the meantime Slovsky discovers that Maud has been sending orchids to Miss Wells for a week, and in his rage fires Maud.

Miss Wells, who has been looking at some bulbs outside, enters and discovers Mr. Jackson, who is still lingering about.

In this meeting Cupid relieves Maud, and Miss Wells and Mr. Jackson leave, agreeing that she receive no more orchids from the unknown man.

Slovsky insists that Maud should finish the day. Just then Miss Wells enters and places an order for their wedding.

After some deliberation Maud decides to stay and the decision causes much joy to Slovsky and Henry.



"The Hand of the Prophet"

AMONG these four plays was "The Hand of the Prophet," an Oriental play with the bright colors, incense, and dances of the East, the soft lights and dreamy music giving just a touch of old Araby.

The play begins with the wedding feast of Kadoma and Halema, a beautiful Oriental girl.

Sindabad, a prince from the desert, comes to the wedding with gifts for the bride, and with the gifts comes love, "Love at first sight." She loses the little love she has had for Kadoma and trouble follows. Kadoma refuses to give up his bride, and kills the prince.

It is then that Halema mourns for Sindabad, disavows her love for Kadoma, and asks for death so that she may be with her lover.

Then for the first time Kadoma, realizing his sorrow, cries, "Let this be a house of sorrow and mourning."

The cast included: Kadoma, Leon Lethin; Halema, Bernice Lee; Sindabad, the prince, Nathalie Wollin; Kadoma's slave, William Ogden; and various slaves, musicians and dancers. The dancers were Florence Adams, Dorothy Wells, Estelle Eddy and Eloise Brasher.

Spring Term (Dramatics)

On March 25th and 26th the Fremont Dramatic Workshop presented as its first bill of the third season, four unique one-act plays.

From 2:15 on January 12th, the time appointed for the try outs, until 10:15 on March 26th, the casts labored unceasingly, exerting every power and talent to perfect their parts in the well-organized and co-operative scheme which made the finished production one of Fremont's proud memories.

The January to June Dramatic Workshop included in its many and varied phases, full and intensive direction in make-up, pantomime, voice control, elements of acting, and facial expression.

Of especial interest and value was the instruction in professional make-up. Fremont boasts a school class wherein the true professional make-up is included as a part of a credited course.

The complete performance was under the able personal direction of Mr. Jacobsen, who spared no effort to make the plays what they were—a grand success. Miss Helen Coleau of Mills College proved well qualified as Mr. Jacobsen's assistant. Much credit is due also to the managing cast which took charge of the production in general.

"Rise Up, Jennie Smith"

The theme of this war play was once more made vivid to the audience through the personality and effort of the individuals in its cast. Jennie, the self-sacrificing little dressmaker, brought out well the central thought of the play—patriotism. A sharp contrast was drawn between Jennie, who gave up her bit of hard earned money to her country, and the pompous, wealthy Mrs. Reynolds, who lent nothing but talk to the government. Mabel, with her whole-hearted, yet not ultra-refined ways, represented the comedy which always peeps around the corner at the tragedies of life.

Thelma Lewis cleverly played the part of Jennie Smith, Marjorie Grasser with her usual spirit portrayed Mabel. The part of St. Michael was skillfully played by Muriel Kilgo, and the part of Mrs. Reynolds was portrayed by Lois Jacobs.

Stage Manager, Thelma Lewis.



"The Striker"

"The Striker," by Mary Oliver, was an intense and gripping play—more or less of greater interest on account of its proximity to the present time.

The selfishness of human nature was well depicted in this play. Quinn, the striker, was willing to sanction and make use of mob violence, until his own heart was touched, when his views changed completely.

Mrs. Quinn was typical of the shrewish wife, who usually got her own way in connubial disagreements—especially in regard to Molly, her daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin supplied the neighborly atmosphere of the play.

Alyce Fletcher was delightful in her part of Mrs. Quinn, while the part of Mr. Quinn suited Leon Lethin admirably.

Lucille Meltzer took the part of Mrs. Martin very successfully. Mr. Martin was cleverly portrayed by Raymond Marks. Helen Wright, as Molly of Quinn, was a delight to the audience.



"Shabby Lizzie"

"Shabby Lizzie," by J. Hartley Manners, offered a distinct change from all of the preceding plays.

It may be rightly termed a beautiful play—beautiful because of the lesson it endeavored to bring poignantly to the audience—the lesson which teaches many that money cannot bring happiness. Happiness—that elusive "something" sought for, sometimes in vain, sometimes successfully, by every man and every woman.

The noticeable thing in "Shabby Lizzie" was the remarkable character contrast. Mrs. Pole, a society woman, had everything that wealth may buy, yet she was blasé, dissatisfied, and wretched in general. Lizzie, an

errand girl with a salary of six dollars per week, was optimistic, smiling and full of the joy of being alive—she, in short, was happy.

Phillip Chandos, also of the "set," and Mrs. Pole's father, Mr. Croft, both weary and cynical, failed in bringing about happiness.

Shabby Lizzie's reformation of this group formed a delightful incident of the evening.

The quaint part of Lizzie was well taken by Omo Grimwood. Helen Brown, was lovely in her part as the cold, cultivated beauty. Leslie Clark as Mr. Chandos was excellent and played with his usual ability. Mr. Croft was played by Wyn Newcomb, and was enjoyed by all. Evelyn Greene was adorable as a little French maid.

Stage Manager, Leslie Clark.



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"Three Pills in a Bottle"

THIS fantasy, "Three Pills in a Bottle," also by Rachael Field, presented an entirely different atmosphere from that of the preceding play.

Fanciful and imaginative, it brought to the hearts of every one the thought that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Tony, the little invalid, was the central figure. Widow Simms added the touch of pathos. The stingy, richly dressed Gentleman and his weazened, shriveled "Soul"; the jovial, good-natured Scissors Grinder and his "Soul," which reflected his jollity; and lastly, the poor, overworked Scubwoman with her beautiful "Soul," all aided in verifying the proverb, "Handsome is as handsome does."

Nellie Stewart was charming in the part of Tony. Norma Kiefer as the Widow Simms added real feeling and power to the play. Fred Hutchins as the Rich Gentleman and Bonnie Stanislawski as his "Soul" did excellent work and added to the interest of the play. Caroline Yost played the part of a Servant Woman, and Ethel Stone played the part of "Her Soul," a part which suited her perfectly.

As the Scissors Grinder, LeRoy Wolcott was very real and delighted all with his realism. Letty Reed, as "His Soul," was exceptionally good.

Stage Manager, LeRoy Wolcott.

In the afternoon and evening of May 11 the Dramatic Workshop again offered four entirely new and different one-act plays—and again the Fremont dramatists covered themselves with glory.

This time the plays were presented in the Little Theater and two more appreciative audiences could not be found anywhere.

THE MANAGING STAFF.

Manager	Leslie Peter
Stage Manager	Ray Marks
Publicity Manager	Marjorie Grasser
General Directors	Mr. Jacobsen and Miss Colgan



“The Maker of Dreams”

“The Maker of Dreams,” by Oliphant Down, furnished the beautiful, artistic fantasy of the evening.

When the audience beheld the elfin Pierrette, Pierrot with his mock bravado and the wise old “Maker of Dreams,” they were carried in thought to the Land of Happiness, and the character of Pierrot was very well portrayed, indeed, as was the part of Pierrette, the always lovable sprightly character of every fairy tale.

In the first part of this play Pierrot, always looking far ahead, could not find the Pierrette of his dreams. And, though all unconscious of the fact, was wounding continually the real Pierrette who waited upon him and loved him in silence. But just as little Pierrette is beginning to despair, enter the Maker of Dreams, who, in a subtle, gentle manner, enlightens Pierrot. And as in all Fairy Tales, Pierrette and Pierrot live happily ever after.

Pierrot Dorothy Wells
Pierrette Florence Adams
The Maker of Dreams.. Leon Lethin

Stage Manager, Leon Lethin.
Directed by Miss Colgan.



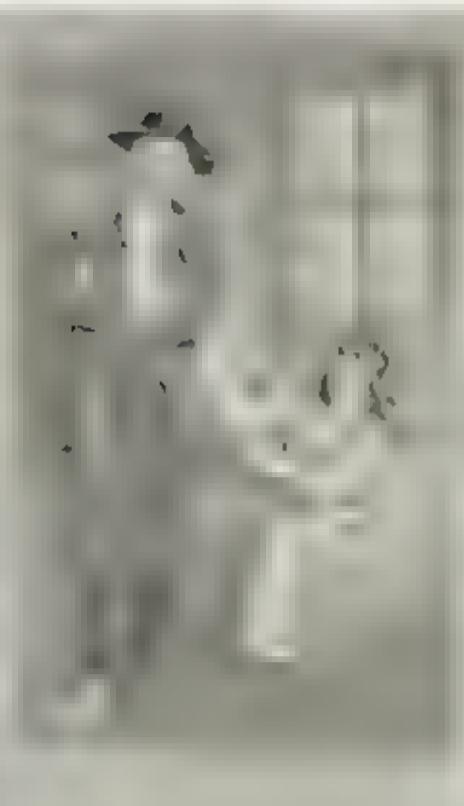
“Grace’s Affair”

“Grace’s Affair,” a light bit of comedy by Mary McMillan, both delighted and amused the audience.

Mrs. Worthington, the mother of three startling types of girls, was played very well and was typical of a bored society woman.

Katherine, the eldest daughter, was exceedingly well portrayed. Primness, ultra-refinement and high education were Katherine’s characteristics.

Ethel, the second daughter, was altogether bubbling and irresistible. She furnished all the humor of the play and caused many contagious smiles, which always developed into a full-fledged laugh.



Grace, the youngest daughter, the not altogether innocent cause for the domestic scene preceding her entrance, also caused much amusement. Her cool, self-possessed way, and calm assumption of the reins of her own life quite appalled her mother and Katherine, but appeared to delight the irrepressible Ethel.

Grace's supposed infirmity and secret marriage made up an interesting plot for this first play.

Mrs. Worthington	Helen Stone
Katherine ..	Thelma McIntosh
Ethel ..	Marjorie Grassier
GraceEvelyn Greene
Julia, a maid.	..Elvina Arnold

Stage Manager, Helen Stone.



"The Turtle Dove"

"The Turtle Dove," a quaint Chinese play by Margaret Oliver, gave a bit of Oriental charm to the performance. It was also a type of play which has never before been presented in Fremont.

Much credit is due the individuals in this play—the character work being exceptionally good.

Of especial note were the characters of the Chorus, Gong Bearer and Property Man.

Chang Sut Yen, the ardent lover, and little Kwen Lin, his petite sweetheart, made a clever Oriental romance.

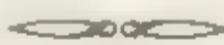
The Mandarin, father of Kwen Lin, portrayed realistically the cruel Chinese parent.

Everything was nicely settled by the God of Fate, who appeared always when affairs looked darkest.

Chorus	...Omo Grimwood
Chang Sut Yen	Muriel Kilgo
The Mandarin	Lucille Meltzer
Kwen Lin.....	...Ethel Stone
The God of Fate.....	Elizabeth Meacham
The Property Man.....	Thelma Lewis
The Gong Bearer.....	Lois Jacobs

Stage Manager, Omo Grimwood.

Directed by Miss Colgan.



"The Acid Test"

Mr. Wilbur S. Tupper's play, "The Acid Test," had its premiere production in Fremont, and was a marked success.

The part of George Fraser, author and literary man, was taken with much skill, and deserves much credit.

Robert Fraser, the younger brother, was also played with ability.

Mr. Grosbeck, the banker, typified exactly the average prosperous business man, intent on himself.

A crafty, scheming lawyer was Mr. Banion, and Dr. Milburn added another so-called friend to George Fraser's list.

A sad truth was brought out in this play—but a very real one, nevertheless—the fact that men are not judged by what they really are, but by how much money they have. George Fraser's friends never realized that "a man's a man for a' that," and the "Acid Test" showed them up for what they were—only fair weather friends.

This plot, with a few touches of humor here and there, made up one of the best plays of the evening.

George Fraser....

...Leslie Clark

Robert Fraser..

...Leslie Peter

Mr. Grosbeck..

Wyn Newcomb

Mr. Banion.....

Fred Hutchins

Dr. Milburn....

LeRoy Wolcott

Stage Manager, Fred Hutchins.

●●●

The Operetta

Fremont is not only proud of her plays, but she also boasts of an operetta.

"Pierrette Among the Shepherds" is a pastoral opera, produced in Fremont for the first time around the bay region.

Pierrette (Ethel Stone), a lonely little miss who longs to be a shepherdess, and see the world, is lured by Pierrot (Omo Grimwood) from her own little garden into the wide world and far beyond her rose hedge.

Then with Pierrot and his fellow mountebanks she finds her land of heart's desire, the land of the shepherds.

Her father (LeRoy Wolcott) and Pierrot come to her. Pierrette was charmingly and daintily played by Ethel Stone, while Pierrot, portrayed by Omo Grimwood, was played with great ability.

LeRoy Wolcott cleverly played the part of the father.

The other roles, portrayed with much ability, were: Gaiety, Maud Dunn; Pantloon, Herrick Parker; Columbine, Nathalie Wolling; Harlequin, Wallace Rastell; and a chorus of twenty shepherds and shepherdesses.



SCHOOL NOTES

Old Clothes Day, 1919



NOVEMBER 26, 1919, will long be remembered in Fremont's history as the day on which our school's most successful students' day activities were staged.

For weeks previous, groups of students were seen busily engaged in whispered conversation throughout our hallways. At last the eventful day arrived. Multitudes of prayers were answered that morning as the sky was absolutely cloudless.

Every nationality, sect, clan, and class were assembled, from the red nosed hobo in his tattered rags to the polished gentleman in evening clothes.

The morning passed like lightning owing to the short periods. As the clock approached the hour of noon all evidence of finery quickly disappeared. The polished gentleman was gone. Only the alleged "ruf-neck" remained.

Nine minor events were first staged to arouse to a white-hot pitch that old class rivalry and fight. They were: Three-legged relay race; centipede race; obstacle relay race; life-saving race; wand jump relay race; baseball throw relay; stride, jump, squat, pass ball relay, jousting match, wheelbarrow race. These events over, the High Frosh toughened by six months' previous experience, proved victors in a tough battle with their freshie companions, the Low Frosh.

As victor and vanquished limped from the field of battle a weird cry was heard once more. Long and loud the cry echoed back from the hills as the Seniors and Low Sophs lined up opposite the Juniors and High Sophs. Then a gun sounded and the fray was on. A terrible rush, and the two forces met in the center of our campus. Burlap flew. Bones cracked. The Seniors, high and mighty in the face of terrible odds, tore into their enemies. For fifteen long minutes they carried their warfare into the enemy's grounds. Then the superior man power of the Juniors and High Sophs began to tell. Each Senior battled bravely anywhere from five to ten opponents. Hundreds were down, but still more sprang up to take their places, and when at last the gun sounded once more and the victims were counted it was found that the Juniors by a small majority had won for the first time in Fremont's history.



The Night Rush, 1920

FOR a long time trouble had been brewing between the Juniors and Seniors; a spirit of class rivalry never before witnessed in this school was prevalent, and as a break was bound to come sooner or later, the night of April 8th was set for the battle.

Early in that Thursday evening, even before the night school classes were dismissed, several bold Juniors were seen working industriously on Fremont's campus with bucket and brush, artistically forming the class numerals which meant so much to them and for the honor of which they were to battle later in the night.

Finally, after hours of labor, four gigantic whitewash signs, ten feet tall, were put on the campus. The glaring white letters, JUNIORS, '21, showed up beautifully in the black of the night.

Everything that was possible had been done, and the Juniors sat down to await the arrival of their enemies.

At 12:30 a. m. Friday morning, about 100 strong, they came swooping down in a great mass upon the powerful Juniors who had possession of the campus.

A terrible battle ensued. First the Juniors were winning, then the Seniors forged into the lead. Ropes were used freely and the helpless could be seen in heaps scattered about the campus.

Thus the battle continued for several hours. At about 2:30 a. m. it stopped, and was called a draw, both sides agreeing to leave up a sign of their rivals.

It was a wonderful fight, long to be remembered by all participants.

Fairness and squareness marked the battle throughout, no dirty work being administered by either side—nothing but clean sportsmanship.

Kermess, 1919

THE Kermess of November 7 was a notable one in the enthusiasm and effort that was shown in making it a success.

The class of June, '20, conducted the main show in the Auditorium. This main event was divided into two sections. The boys of the class put on "The Darktown Follies" and a clever bit of minstrelsy it was.

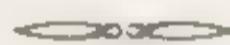
Then, too, there were solos and songs by a quartet. "Mammy o' Mine," "A Baby's Song" and other negro melodies lent an air of the South.

The girls' part of the program was called by two names, as one didn't seem adequate for it. It was known as the "Prism Party" and as "Rainbow Rays." In this there appeared a Spanish dancer with ruffled skirt and shimmering mantilla; Chinese maids in gaily colored costumes, a butterfly dancer, gypsies, ballet girls and old-fashioned belles all played their parts in the festivities.

In the music room the Low Juniors gave scenes from "Julius Cesar," recognizable, although highly modernized. Cesar breathed his last several times that evening to a new audience just as realistically as the time before.

The Low Sophs sold candy. Some of the girls in dark dresses with Frenchy caps and aprons tripped up and down the hallways with their wares. Others in crepe paper dresses sold ice-cream from booths.

It all ended with a dance in the gym and every one agreed that it was a success from the entertainment point of view as well as from that of the "box office."



Kermess, 1920

THE main show of the 1920 Kermess was given according to the usual custom by the Low Seniors in the Auditorium. It was on the evening of April 23.

They presented first "The Follies of 1860." Fritz Stenzel and Greta McCannha were in Scotch costumes. Fritz sang, "I Love a Lassie," and Greta, "Roamin' in the Gloamin'." Norma Keiter and LeRoy Wolcott in old-fashioned costumes sang "Love's Old Sweet Song." "Solomon Levi" was given by Ronald Dodge, who impersonated an old Jew. Fred Barr as a darky sang "Old Black Joe." In Irish costume Herrick Parker sang "Mother Machree" and "Sweet Rosy O'Grady," and Thelma Myrick and Wallace Rastall in maid's and butler's costumes, respectively, gave the "Future Mrs. Hawkins."

Eight girls in dainty pastel colored old-fashioned gowns stepped demurely through the minuet.

"La Danse de Vanite" was given by Florence Adams and Evelyn Greene.

They, too, were gowned in costumes from the Colonial period, and in the dance powdered each other's noses and showed clearly the why for of the title. Florence Adams in black and yellow Oriental dress danced "La Danse de Vivacité." Both these dances were originated by Florence Adams.

Then came the "piece de resistance," a play in two acts, "The Postern Gate." The setting was a garden on a summer's day. The play told of tangled romance in which the heroine, as she tripped over a log, fell into the arms of the wrong man. On seeing this the hero became jealous, but still had hope of winning her. There follow misunderstandings between the hero and heroine and the hero sums up his feelings in the words "I would like to shake hands with the man who said 'the course of true love never did run smooth.' That man knew what he was talking about."

However, after explanations between all concerned it ends happily, with the right girls engaged to the right men.

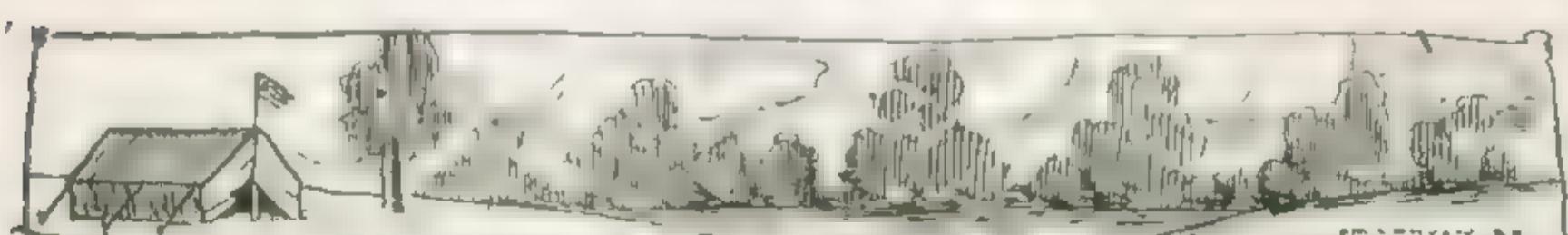
The Juniors gave a farce, "All in a Fog," in which all the characters were taken by boys. In this the gentleman of the house is expecting a lord to visit him. The guest and a butler arrive on the same train. This, too, deals with complications in love affairs. The daughter of the house thinks she has fallen in love with the butler, and the lord that his lady love is the maid. But in the end the "fog" is lifted and the girl is engaged to the lord and the real maid to the real butler.

The Sophs "de more" sold candy and the Low Seniors conducted the dance in the gym after the plays were over.

The Kermess was a very successful one from a monetary standpoint, say the presidents of the different classes, and many of the spectators say that it was one of the best Kermesses ever given at Fremont.



SCENE FROM THE KERMESS



Girls' Day, 1919

THREATENING clouds in the morning, and a high wind in the afternoon could not quell the "kiddies'" spirit that prevailed on November 26, 1919.

Bows and halfsocks and the usual little girl paraphernalia were in evidence.

The girls' program began at one o'clock. Bonnie Stanislawsky, vice-president of the Advisory Council, was in charge of the program. The first speaker of the day was Miss Kepp, now of Mills, but a former teacher of Fremont. Gladys Jensen, '18, of U. C., followed with several song selections. Anna Holst, of Mills, was the last speaker.

"The Courtship of Mary Ann," a pantomime by the class of January, '23, began the class stunts.

"Oh, Young Lochinvar is come out of the West" - with Lucile Kilgo as a Lochinvar who carries away her lady fair on a broomstick steed, the High Frosh delighted the audience.

A take-off on the Pajamarino Rally, by the girls of January, '22, brought forth a good deal of applause.

The class of June, '22, gave a "School of Education," portraying the various phases of education, not omitting the frivolous.

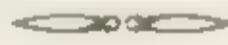
"The Evolution of Woman," January, '21, was one of the cleverest stunts on the program.

"The North, South, East, and West" was a scenic and songful representation of America, June, '21.

The Fashion Show, June, '20, differed from all preceding fashion shows in that it portrayed the fashions of the ages, instead of the seasons.

The most entertaining feature of the "Passing Show," January, '20, was the "spieler," Bernice Kimball. A Jim Crow Dance and dancing by Jeanie Hall were part of this stunt.

"K-K-K-Katie," by the P. G.'s, finished the program.



Girls' Day, 1920

THE "Girls' Day" of April 9 was a kiddies' day just as the other "Girls' Days" have been.

Other costumes were suggested, but decision was made in favor of the juvenile attire. So as kiddies they came with all the accoutrements thereof.

The program differed from any previous one in that the upper classmen staged their numbers in the morning, while the High and Low Freshmen presented their stunts after the lunch hour.

At 10:30 all the upper class kiddies went to the Auditorium, there to be

entertained by a program declared by many to be the best "Girls' Day" program that has ever been given.

They were greeted by yell leaders clad in pink ruffled pajamas and lacy caps who slipped on silken negligees when they were not performing their arduous duties.

The speakers of the day were Alma Morse, June, '19, and Mrs. Petray.

The Low Sophs presented "A Modern Magazine." As the curtain went up there appeared first the cover design, a pretty girl in a ruffly dress holding her snowy white dog on a leash and a parasol over her shoulder.

Next came the "Community" in a polite satin dress, holding out a chest of silver. There was the old "Cream of Wheat" darky with the little bobbed hair girl who held her bowl and spoon. The chubby "Campbell Soup" children were there and "bygone days" was represented by the fat "Wieland Beer" brewer with his tray of bottles.

Other ads. depicted the "Mulsified Cocoanut Oil" girl, the girl with "A skin you love to touch," the "Baker's Cocoa" maid and many others, finishing with the "Time to Retire" boy.

The High Sophs were metamorphosed into dark skinned gypsies with bright colored costumes and the stage a gypsy camp, for their skit, "A Gypsy Romance," in which, after much pleading, the gypsy princess consented to marry the English count.

The High Juniors gave "Choosing a Vocation." As five boarding school girls in negligee were discussing their future vocations, there passed in review before them the trim tennis girl, the Red Cross nurse, the French maid, the debutante in evening gown, the artist in smock and tam, the school teacher, the social climber leading her dog and holding high her lorgnette.



the bride, the mother carrying one baby while three others clung to her skirts, and last of all the prim old maid.

Each of the five girls then chose a vocation from the ideas given them by the parade.

The Low Seniors asked, "Could You Blame Burbank?" and then convinced every one by the graceful flower maidens impersonating the American beauty, the black-eyed Susan, calla lily, bluebell, and California poppy, that Burbank couldn't be blamed at all.

The High Seniors presented a queer spectacle of gum chewing, chattering jurors with a judge in a pale blue robe who used her French-heeled slipper as a gavel to call for order.

Mr. Mereman was tried and convicted of forgetting the canary's bath. Some of the evidence introduced proved him a jelly bean fiend. His sentence was thirty days splitting rock candy at Lehnhardt's.

The program came to a conclusion with a Long Fremont.

The High Freshmen, in their afternoon program, showed shadow pictures. Charlie Chaplin and Valeska Suratt were there among other movie stars.

The Low Freshmen's Dreamland showed a little boy who visited there and how he was entertained by dancing dollies.



Soph Party

In the setting of an old-fashioned garden, the Sophs gave their "hop" on April 30. Tall vari-colored hollyhocks bloomed along the walls and canaries trilled among the hanging baskets suspended from the ceiling. To further the garden atmosphere there was a wicker porch swing in the chaperones' corner among the chairs.

The Sophs with unusual hospitality invited the mothers and fathers of all the Sophs instead of the customary small number of patrons and patrionesses. The Senior dinner came on the same evening and delegates were sent from the Soph party to invite the Seniors into the gym after their dinner. This is something that hasn't been done since Fremont's numbers have increased to such an extent.

When asked about the Sophomore class colors, Miss Moorshead said: "No, we haven't any colors. We show no partiality; we use colors to fit our moods, so you can easily tell what our mood was on that evening."

Many comments confirming Miss Moorshead's idea of the mood of those who danced within the walls of the rainbow hued hollyhocks were made.

Junior Prom

THE June, '21, class decided on the simple, artistic decorations of Japan for their Prom, which was held on the night of May 21.

The old gym had been decorated with lacy fern fronds, with tall and graceful hollyhocks, with crêpe paper streamers, with a roof of greens to make the ceiling low, and in pretty nearly every conceivable way but that of Japanese simplicity.

The musicians' stand in the center of the gym had bamboo screens over it and another bamboo screen extended all along one end of the gym. There were long branches of palm with brown baskets of Martha Washington geraniums on the other walls. The numerals were done in Japanese letters in red and white, the class colors.

The chaperones' corner was furnished with brown wicker furniture and two tall Japanese lamps. Long artistic lanterns hung from the ceiling.

For the moonlight waltzes the numerals were lighted and the musicians' stand was lighted inside so that their silhouettes showed dark through the bamboo lattice, reminding the dancers of tales of Japan.

The consensus of opinion showed that it was a good time and that the Seniors would have to hustle if they were to get as pretty decorations.



Senior Dinner

“Hail, Hail, the gang’s all here,
So what the deuce do we care,
What the deuce do we care;
What the deuce do we care now!”

SENIOR dinner and, April 29. June, '20. Rah! Wah!

“Last call for the dinner.” Five minutes later; a full house in the Caf. Yep, dinner is the word—from soup to nuts.

Served with the ice cream was the “Keynote to Success” in Mr. Brasefield’s talk.

The class prophecy was held in three rounds. First bout, Marge Grasser; second, Dot Wells; last, Nellie Stewart. Sir Oracle was run a close second, but the “Three” lost out on fouls. Whereupon, the tables were vacated and a pilgrimage to the music room was performed. A bit of program, then some dances; a few more stunts and another dance, etc., the glory ran for an hour or two.

In the gym the Soph Hopp was “Shaking a mean lapel.” As the hour grew late the Senior Jinx was transplanted into said Hopp for the last lap, alias the strains of “Home, Sweet Home.”



R. O. T. C.



SERGEANT Houser

THE Reserve Officers' Training Camp began this year's history with the 1919 summer camp at the Presidio. There, six Freemonters as well as some eight hundred cadets from other schools of the Western states, received instruction and training in many subjects, including infantry drill, physical training, bayonet combat, hygiene, interior and exterior guard duty, signalling, gallery and range practice, and minor tactics.

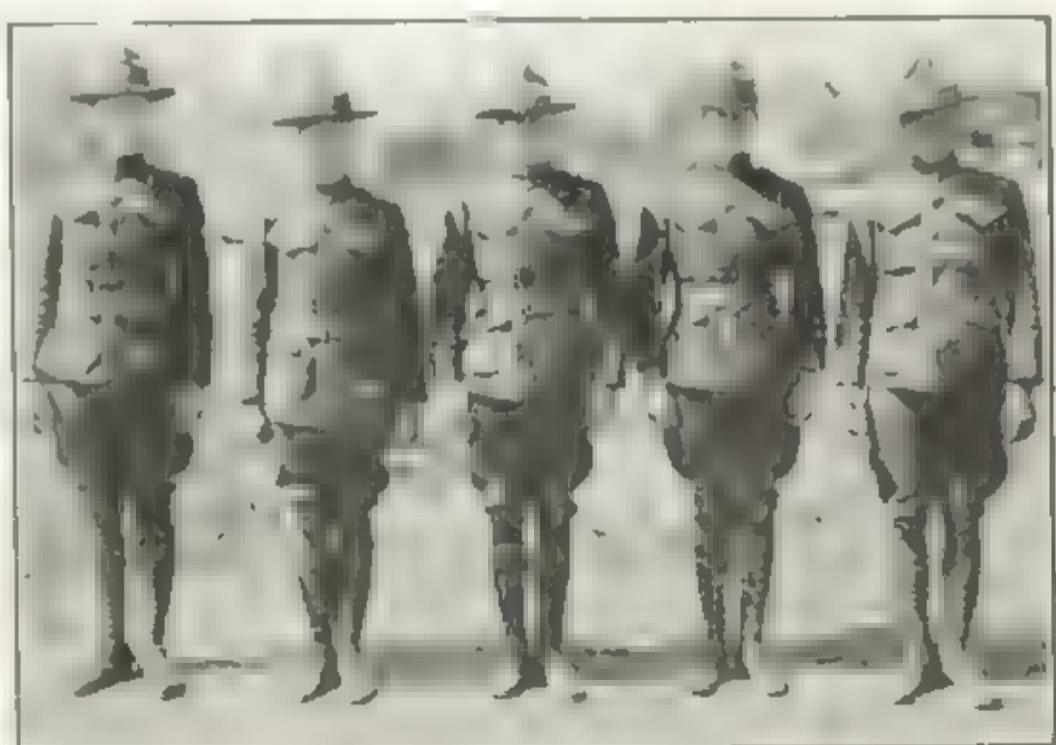
The six weeks spent there were weeks of real effort; of hard work and inoculations; of intensive drill and evening lectures.

But in looking back over the days spent in camp, the long days fade into the background and pleasing reminiscences of excursions into San Francisco, of treats given by the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus, of adventures on the range, of Sundays on leave, the dances, and of friendships formed with men from distant states, crowd into the memory.

Next came the fall term when the cadets were divided into two companies, issued their rifles and drilled from the School of the Soldier up. Captains Shepherd and Thompson were both unable to take the work, so Leslie Peter and Franklin West were given the captaincies of the companies I and K, respectively, of the Oakland battalion and Alfred Banta and Lawton Champion were made their first lieutenants. The rest of the term was taken up with drills in close and extended order, ceremonies, lectures and tests for those desiring promotion.

With the opening of the spring semester, the men were divided into three sections, which held their drills during different periods in order to meet the conditions of the new school schedule and allow boys working in the afternoon to take the subject.

The officers this term were: Lieutenant Champion, commanding the first section; Captain West, sec-



CADET OFFICERS.

Lt Champion; Capt. Peter; Capt. West; Lt. Banta;
Lt. Pelz.

Sections 1 and 2.



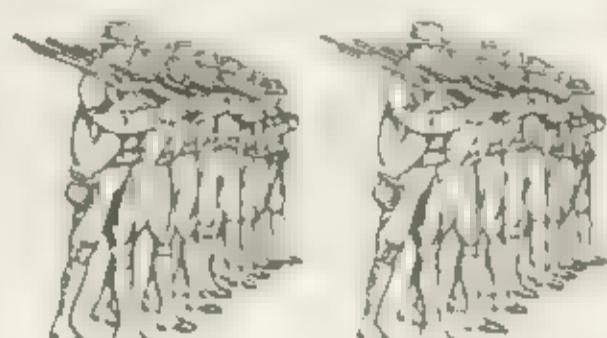
Section 3.



ond section; Captain Peter, commanding the third section; Lieutenant Pelz, acting first lieutenant, first section; and Lieutenant Banta, adjutant and first lieutenant, third section.

Captain McCaughey, U. S. Infantry, remained in charge of the whole Oakland R. O. T. C. and Sergeant Orra L. Houser was detailed at Fremont as Professor of Military Science and Tactics. Sergeant Houser was major of the 5th ammunition train in France during the war and now has a major's commission in the Reserve Army.

Steady progress has been made during the last semester and more advanced work was taken up as the cadets became ready for it. The instruction for rifle firing, the guard duty, drills in map reading and the many new subjects taken up this semester, were only a step in the right direction for next year. Range practice, marches and maneuvers in the hills with full equipment, under the leadership of cadet officers fresh from the Summer Camp at Camp Kearny, will render the R. O. T. C. work one of the most attractive as well as the most useful courses in the school.



Alumni Notes

"Red" Roberts, '17, has at last got a job that his brilliancy merits. Whenever you need new batteries just apply to Mr. Howard Roberts, 2130 Broadway, agent for Presto-Lite batteries.

"Ty" McLeod, Dec., '19, has taken up that popular sport, ship building, at Bay Point, while Lawrence Wetzel, '17, swings a mean hammer at Moore's. Also Sam Russell helps the Phoenix Iron Works put out successful ships.

"Two Places for Fremont" was the caption under Harry Austin's name in the '17 FLAME. He keeps up the good work at Stanford, where "Jinny" Austin, Dec., '19, is captain of the Frosh swimming team. Runs in the family, doesn't it?

Ethel Houston, Dec., '18, works at Moore's. No, this isn't a case of a woman taking a man's place. Ethel is a typist in the office.

Two more cases of that bad habit Mr. Brasfield tells us the Alumni has. Georgia Dunkel, June, '18, is the latest victim, and Marvatt Parker, Dec., '17, announced her engagement, preceding Georgia's by a short time.

Francis, better known as "Fat," Wilson, June, '19, is working hard to uphold his high school record as a football man at U. C. All we can say for "Fat" is that "he seen his duty and he done it noble," for he is a proud member of the Frosh football team and the Varsity baseball nine.

"Pete" Rinehart, author of the Sr. Extravaganza at U. C., says he is proud of his little brother "Jimmie's" prowess. They tell me Jimmy is a reporter on the *Daily Californian*. He also branches off into the athletic line, being a member of the Freshman crew.

The June, '18, class has a good many members to be proud of and Forest Thies's far from the least of these. Now that our hero attends college he goes in for boxing and is a varsity basketeer.

Marian Allen, June, '19, has left for the East on a two months' trip.

A long ago member of our student organization steps forth as manager of the U. C. Glee Club. The stepper forth is Kenneth Craft of June, '16.

Aside from having a tooth pulled now and then, Edith Hayes hasn't much to do except to act as chief typist at the Hartford Insurance office.

"Tommy" Ellison and "Fat" Bibby seem to have tastes along the same line. Same class, June, '18, same football squads, '16, '17 and '18, and now the same lumber camp in Klamath Falls.

Charles Shockey draws covers for *Pelly*. Hal Cutting, Dec., '19, is a student at the A.-C.

Who thought Stan Kalas would be a hard working farmer man? But still he is going to the Davis Farm School, and says "back to the land."

Bernice Kimball, she of the dramatic fame, is working hard at Armstrong's Secretarial School in Berkeley.

The track team seems to be the aim of several Fremonters at U. C. Talcott Gawne and Gerritt Henny both are on the Varsity team.

Organizations





NORMIE STRAUB

GERALD MUSKET

BLOSSOM TABER

Advisory Council

Fremont's Advisory Council for the term beginning 1920 has been working under a new plan. Formerly the members of the Council consisted of Yell Leader, Editors of *Green and Gold* and *Flame*, the chairmen of the boys' and girls' basement committees, the class presidents and one elected member from each class. The new plan is to have the elected members of the Council represent the various advisory groups instead of the eight classes.

This plan, which seems to give the student body much better representation, was suggested by George Shepherd, president of the '19 class, while serving on the Advisory Council. After being considered by the members it was adopted.

This Advisory Council is a feature of student government organized in 1918. In the two years of its existence it has proved its usefulness to the school by assisting the faculty in getting the views of the students, and has played a leading part in the student government of the school.

Important decisions in regard to Old Clothes and Girls' Day came from this committee, as did the choice of speakers for discussion of the uniform dress question among the girls. On all important issues, members of the Advisory Council speak to the student body and attempt to bring them in closer connection with the heads of the school and the opinion of other schools.

With Normie Straub as president, Gerald Musket as vice-president, and Blossom Taber as secretary, the term's work has been most successfully executed.

JAN. '21



M. H. COOPER



M. C. MCNAUL



M. C. MCNAUL

JUNE '21



M. SICKLE PRES.



K. HALL V. PRES.



E. H. H. V. PRES.

JAN. '22



V. H. H. V. PRES.



S. MADER V. PRES.



R. WEYMOUTH V. PRES.

JUNE '22



W. M. TRESS



B. HACKETT - V. PRES.



E. NOFFSINGER - SEC.



G. HAYDEN - PRES.

JAN. '23



A. BLUMANN - V. PRES.



E. F. IDE - SEC.



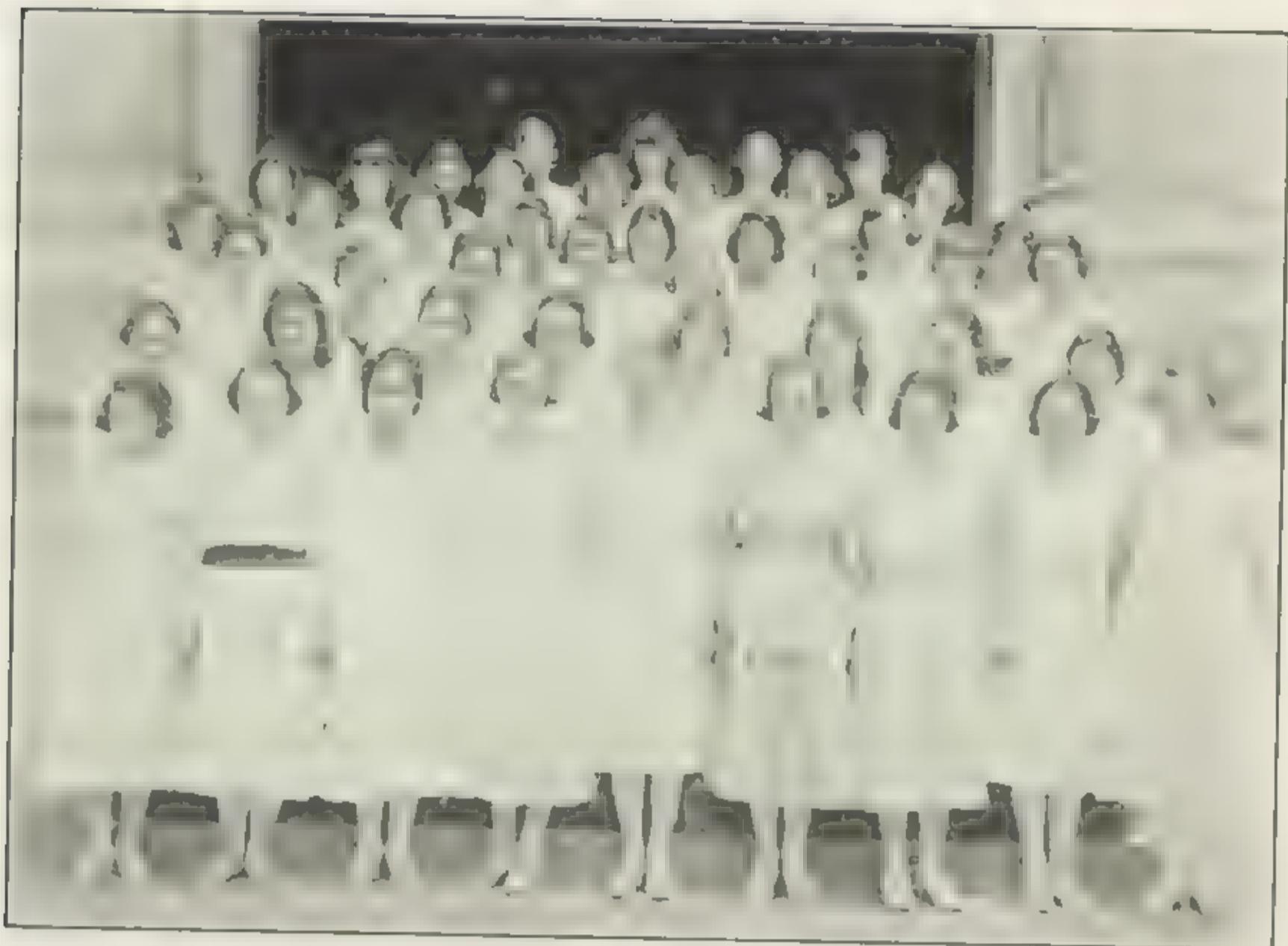
F. H. S. QUARTET

L. WOLCOTT

G. HEWSON

F. BARR

H. PARKER



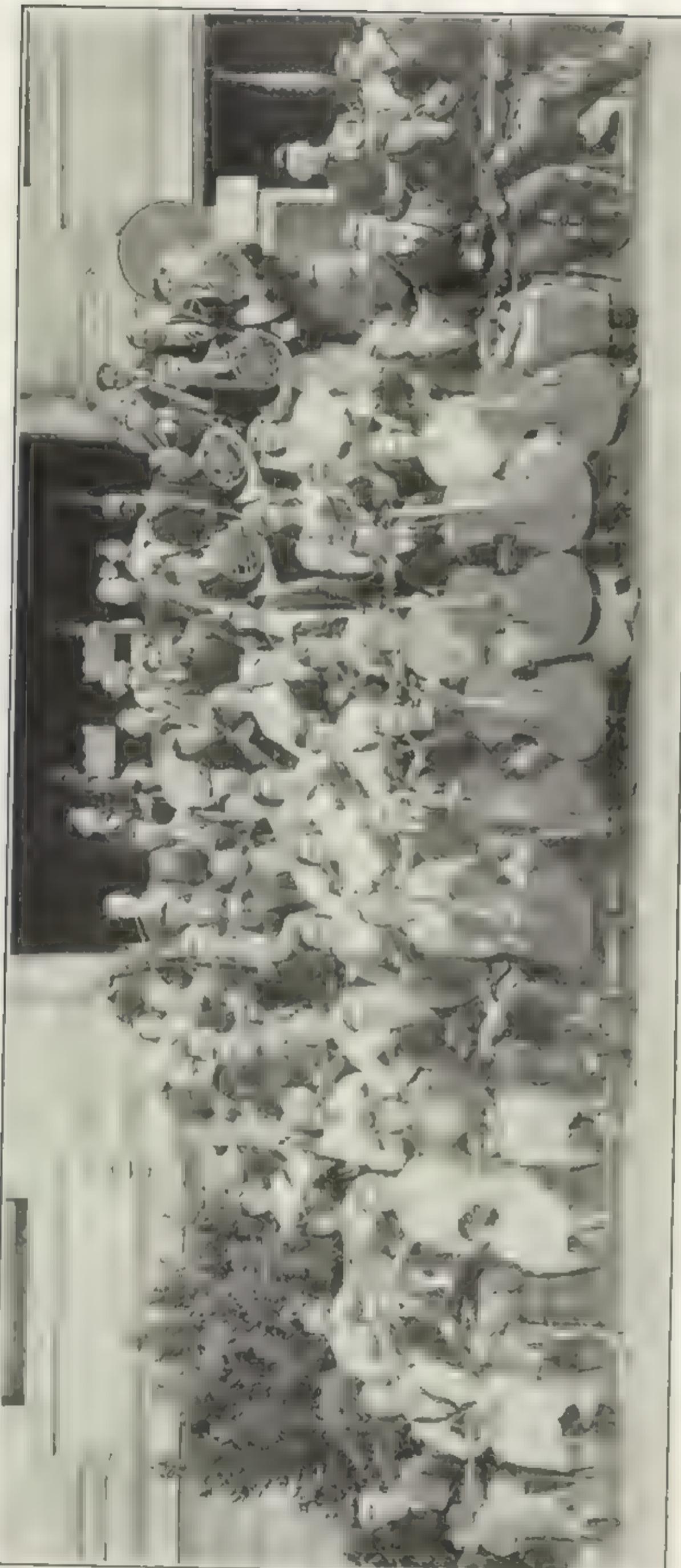
Girls' Glee



Boys' Glee

GREEN AND GOLD SWIFTS





卷之五



ATHENAEUM CLUB



MAN CLUB



Dictionary--By Me 'N Webster

MARJORIE GRASSER.

Nathalie Wollin—A melody.
Carl Dietz—A substance composed mostly of fat.
Charlotte Jensen—Essence of brains.
Nellie Stewart—Perpetual motion.
LeRoy Wolcott—A crimson cheek.
Georgia Cassidy—A framework.
Fred Barr—That which sings.
Virginia Kilgore—Something pertaining to the Green and Gold.
Dorothy Wells—Adhering to the art of capering; a danseuse.
Norma Keifer—A Christian Science vamp.
Dick Shaw—A hot air artist.
Alice Nunes—An alphabet pusher.
Bonnie Stanislawsky—A Bolshevik instinct.
Henry Franzen—A limerick.
Florence Adams—A study in pink and white.
Ronald Dodge—Used for ornamentation only.
Alyce Fletcher—A cross between a tomboy and a poifect lady.
Carolyn Yost—The unusual; unexpected.
Watson Bray—Containing yells.
Ethel Stone—A footlight fancy.
Georgia White—A steady conversation.
Fred Knudsen—Laugh extractor.
Lucille Meltzer—An instrument used for making noise.
Leslie Brown—Ain't in the dictionary.
Helen Brown—Attractive; good to look at.
Evelyn Green—A baby-blue-eye.
Floyd Grimes—An authentic statement; a fact.
Lucy LeGallet—Feminine for yell leader.
Blossom Taber—An idiosyncrasy.
Shirley and Madge—A compound subject.
Earl Trebilcott—Original "Little Joe."
Lucy Skelton—Pertaining to athletics.
Ruth and Velda—Derived from Goldberg's "Mike and Ike, they look alike."
Herrick Parker—Of much significance; momentous, utmost importance.
Clarissa Decker—That which? or one who smiles continually.
Helen Holmes—Denoting power.
George Hewson—Irritable; a hasty disposition.
Esther Mauskopf—Used on violin strings.
Thelma Myrick—Characterized by giggles.
Winthrop Newcomb—Good natured; agreeable.
Leslie Clark—Capable, having power, competent.
Diploma—A permanent O. K.
Gym—The science of fast dressing.

SPORTS



CUTTING--

Basketball



CAPTAIN GRANT

At the opening of the basketball season prospects were not very bright for another championship squad, with only one "vet" from last year being eligible, that one being our fast little forward and captain, George Grant.

However, with much good material out scrapping for berths on the team, and a good coach training them, a good quintette began to loom up.

After a successful practice season, during which Fremont suffered but one defeat, that being at the hands of the University of California, she entered the regular Oakland Athletic League Basketball Series.

FREMONT, 55—VOCATIONAL, 9.

Vocational was the first victim, falling before the terrible onslaught of our huskies to a 55 to 9 score. All of Fremont was rejoicing! It was the first step to a fourth consecutive state championship! And such a clean-cut victory it was. At no time was our goal in serious danger, as the Green and Gold boys took the lead from the gun and held it throughout.

The individual star of the game was our captain at the forward position, George Grant, but the entire team worked together in wonderful unison like a well oiled machine.

FREMONT, 22—OAKLAND, 23.

Then came the toughest battle of the season—Oakland High. Oakland has always been known for their fight and in this game they certainly showed it.

The opposing rooting sections were wild with excitement, their yells and shouting filling the Auditorium with one continual roar.

At the end of a wonderful game, and a terrible battle, Oakland tallied 23 points to Fremont's 22.

It was sad but true. For the first time in four years the Green and Gold basketball team had gone down to defeat at the hands of a local institution.

FREMONT, 10—TECH, 41.

Then on Thursday, March 11, came the game with Tech. This was our last chance for a championship. A victory would give us another game with Oakland, and a big chance for the O. A. L. championship.

A defeat would give us nothing—would put us completely out of the running for championship honors.

Finally the day came, and the game was played, and again the Fremont High basketball team was defeated.

We who had for three consecutive years capped the state championship honors were defeated.

Yes, the old squad sure played bad ball—went absolutely to pieces, worse than they had for three solid years, and a shameful defeat was placed upon our shoulders.

This win gave Tech High, our old rival, the much coveted O. A. L. championship.

FREMONT, 26—UNIVERSITY, 25.

On March 16, Fremont's last game was played against University. The fellows were not discouraged by the two consecutive defeats, and waded through the Blue and Gold squad in a thrilling game for a 26-25 win.



BASKETBALL TEAM

PRELLI

JORDAN

STREET (coach)

HOCKETT

BRANSTETTER

CHAPPELL

ODLAND

GIBSON

GRANT (captain)

MASON

This win finished Fremont in a triple tie for second place with Oakland and University in the Oakland Athletic League.

The Fremont High School, after monopolizing the state championship for three consecutive years, had put out another successful squad.

No, they were not champions, but the school was proud to possess such a bunch of fighters, especially Captain Grant, and our enthusiastic and hard working coach.

The 130-lb. team won from University, but lost to Technical, Oakland and Vocational in hard fought games.

The season for the 120 pounders ended up in a triangle tie between Fremont, Oakland and Technical.

The 110-lb. team won from Technical and University, but lost to Oakland and Vocational coming out 500 for the season. H. Hazen and Steinmetz starred with clever passing and basket shooting.

The 100-lb. team defeated Technical, University and Vocational, but fell down against Oakland after a bad game to the score of 30-19. Hayden, Brown and Carpenter starred.

The Freshman basketball team was defeated by Technical and Oakland as they had nothing but occasional practice.





WATSON BRAY (left)
Yell Leader
Spring Term 1920

EARL TREBILCOTT (right)
Assistant Yell Leader



JOHN TALT (lower)
Yell Leader
Fall Term 1919

Baseball



BASEBALL TEAM

THE baseball nine this year displayed some fine talent in the persons of the Kardoza brothers, "Curly" Gardner, and "Jerry" Musket.

But there was one drawback. This was that the fellows were mostly Sophis and were all too small to oppose the larger players from our opponents.

After passing a successful practice season, the O. A. L. opened with Fremont tackling Tech at Bayview.

The student body never has supported a Green and Gold baseball team, and they surely did not support this one, as only a handful of rooters appeared to see Tech trot home with a 21 to 2 victory.

Then came Oakland Hi and once again the Fremont tossers were handed a 17 to 6 beating. Heaver Martin of Oakland displayed his usual class and had the Green and Gold boys eating from his hand.

On May 19, at Bushrod Park, the University Hi tossers ran the bases at random and handed the Fremont Bunch a 10 to 3 beating.

The Fremont-Vocational game will be played too late to get into this number.

The weight baseball teams were very successful, winning a large majority of the games played.

THE FLAME

Football



AT the beginning of the term, school officials of the city of Oakland broke away from the Alameda County Athletic League, and formed a league of their own called the Oakland Athletic League, consisting of Fremont, Oakland, Tech, Vocational, and University High.

This act put us out of the California Interscholastic Federation, and the County League, so we were unable to compete for a state championship, but only for the championship of the city.

Vocational and University played the American game, so it left only three teams, Fremont, Oakland, and Tech, to fight it out for the top Rugby honors.

With ten veterans among the fifty fellows out for football practice at the beginning of the term, prospects for a championship team were very bright.

Among the "vets" that were battling for positions on the squad were Captain Anderson, break; Burt Hart, first five; and Arnold Ure, center three.

After a successful series of practice games, defeating such teams as Richmond, Lick, Times' Alumni team, and Modesto, we entered the big O. A. L. series.

On Friday, November 8, in the first league game of the season, the Green and Gold huskies lined up against the Oakland High fifteen at Bayview grounds. It was a cold and windy day, a day in which the very powers of the universe seemed to threaten evil, and everything went against Fremont.

It was a hard game, anybody's from start to finish, and Fremont put up a wonderful fight, but it was Oakland's day, and when the dust of battle had cleared, the Blue and White had won by a score of 6 to 0.

Fremont had once more lost to Oakland, her old rival. It was hard to believe, but it was true.

Then, on November 15, came our hardest game—the game that gave us either another chance at Oakland and the championship, or put us entirely out of the running.

Before nearly 6,000 rooters, on a beautiful day, we went down to defeat at the hands of Coach Blesse's huskies. It was a wonderful game, and though beaten, we all went home satisfied.

We were proud of our team. It had put up a pretty fight, and never before did a pluckier bunch display the Green and Gold.

At the crack of the pistol, the Fremont boys tore through Tech's line, and rushed the Purple and Gold off their feet. Things looked pretty bright for Fremont at the end of the first half, but Coach Blesse sure told his boys

plenty between halves. Yes, he told them just enough so they would come back strong to win. And they did.

Yes, they took the game along with the championship, and that ends it. With this end, Old King Football passed out of Fremont for the season of '19.

The weight football teams last semester were by no means failures, though they won no brilliant successes.

The 110-pound squad, under the pilotage of "Dick" Bunker, put over the only win of the season, defeating the Oakland "Babes" in a thrilling contest by the close score of 9 to 8.

The 120-pounders lost their only game of the season to Tech by an 8 to 0 score. Lack of practice was the cause of the defeat, but the boys put up a game fight all the way.

SECOND SQUAD.

The second squad could not get going for some reason unknown to all, and lost all of the games played except one, that one being a practice game against the first team.

This win certainly showed that they were made of the right stuff.



FOOTBALL TEAM

Track



THE track team this year was not up to its usual standard, due to the loss through graduation, etc., of several of the strongest men on the squad.

A practice meet, in the form of a visit from Oakland High, meant our first defeat. The Green and Gold boys did not have a chance against the well-trained cinder artists of Oakland. Final score: Fremont, 28; Oakland, 40.

On Saturday, March 13, the Fremont track team journeyed up to Vallejo to tangle with the boys from that town. In a lopsided meet, the farmers handed our huskies a 116 to 42 defeat.

The Fremont hopes were sadly in need of practice and training, so a triple practice meet was arranged between Fremont, University and Technical High Schools.

The Green and Gold boys showed a slight improvement, but University finished first, with Tech second. Final score: University, $60\frac{1}{2}$; Tech, $51\frac{1}{2}$, and Fremont, 25.

Joe Prelli was Fremont's main point getter, coping 13 out of the 25 points made by the school.

Then on May 1 came the big O. A. L. meet on the U. C. oval. Oakland High walked neatly off with this meet, with a score of $89\frac{1}{2}$ points. University, her nearest competitor, scored only $39\frac{1}{4}$ points; Tech third, with $17\frac{1}{2}$; Fremont fourth, with $51\frac{1}{4}$, and Vocational last, with no score.

Joe Prelli was again Fremont's bright star, securing 5 of the $51\frac{1}{4}$ points accumulated by the school. Captain Prelli made the 5 points by placing second in the 220-yard low hurdles, and third in the running broad jump.

In the first weight track and field meet of the season, the 90, 100 and 120-pounders trotted off proudly with the highest honors in their respective weights. This was in the triple meet, with University and Tech as competitors. The youngsters sure showed class, and looked like a better combination than did the first squad.

One pretty Saturday morning the little fellows journeyed across the bay to tackle the boys from Cogswell High of San Francisco.

Yes, it was on this same beautiful spring morning that the Fremont High weight cinder artists met with their first defeat, the Cogswell High team downing our hopefuls by the score of 112 to 70.

Then came the O. A. L. In this meet the weight teams came in fourth, with 29 5-6 points, with Tech, Oakland and University ahead of them.

By dropping this big meet, the little fellows also lost the weight team cup which Fremont had possessed for twelve long months.

Swimming

THE swimming of the interclass meet was characterized by much brilliance of such men as Carl Dietz, Watson Bray, and others.

The meet started off with Watson Bray taking first in both back stroke and breast stroke. The Seniors and Sophs were neck and neck with the Juniors close behind, until the relay. The relay was the deciding count of the day. The race started out even, but the Seniors forged ahead and won by half a tank width. Just then Coach Street announced that the Seniors were disqualified on account of a premature take-off by one of the team. This gave the Sophs the meet by a score of $38\frac{1}{2}$ to 33.



Boys' Tennis



CAPTAIN MUSHET

MORE interest was shown in tennis this year than ever before and more than thirty men showed up for practice. Fremont was handicapped by the lack of court veterans, but a lot of new material was developed.

Boys' interclass was won by Captain Mushet and the team was picked from this showing.

In the O. A. L. Fremont entered three singles and two doubles teams.

The first match was against Tech and superior playing proved our downfall. Against University, Mushet captured the first singles, but the rest of the bunch did not place.

We had no chance against the veteran Oakland team, but the scores were close, Mushet running E. Vinson three sets.

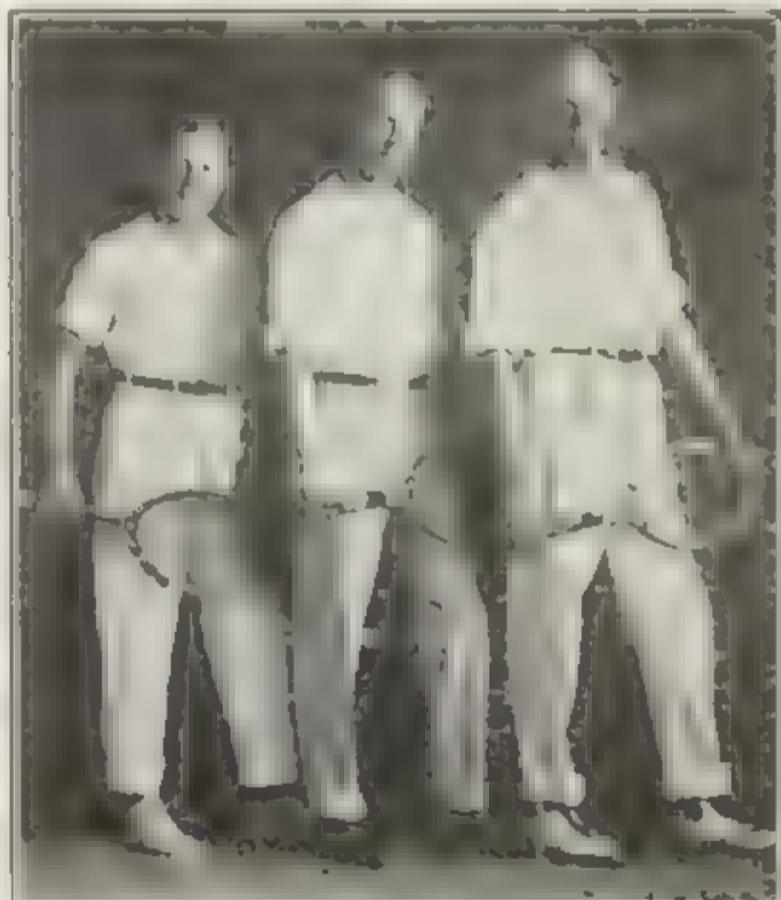
The fellows who played in the O. A. L. were Captain Mushet, Vance Carter, Dan Stanislawsky, Harold Spring, Kendall Hall and Leslie Peter.

The High School tennis tournament held at the Berkeley Tennis Club on May 15 was won by E. Chandler of Berkeley High. Mushet was defeated by E. Vinson in the first round, 6-3, 6-3.

Vance Carter got into the second round by default, but was beaten by Stowe, University.

On May 22 two doubles teams from each high school played at the Berkeley Tennis Club. Fremont entered Mushet and Carter, first doubles, and Spring and Hall second doubles. Although our teams did not place, they fought hard.

The whole season can be termed a success for Fremont, for although they did not win, tennis became recognized as a school sport and was supported by the fellows. Tennis enthusiasts hope that the interest will continue and that tennis has come to stay.



TENNIS TEAM
H. SPRING, V. CARTER, G. MUSHET

Girls' Tennis



LUCY SKELTON

TENNIS has played an important part in girls' athletics this year. Matches have taken place at the Berkeley Tennis Club, at Mosswood Park and other places to stimulate interest in this sport.

Lucy Skelton won the singles championship of Fremont and in the tennis tournament, held at the Berkeley Tennis Club on April 24, won the girls' championship for the Oakland schools.

That tennis tournament was one of the biggest ever held for girls of Oakland and Fremont came in tie with Oakland for second place. This tie was played off on Play Day, May 15, with Fremont winning.

Clareda Allen and Della DePew won the Sophomore doubles championship of Oakland.

Caroline Yost and Georgia Cassidy are the Fremont Senior doubles champs, and Lenore Avery won the Junior singles.

Oakland schools were fortunate this year in having a special tennis coach in Mr. Thomas Slaven. He was at Fremont two days a week—Wednesday for the boys, and Friday for the girls.

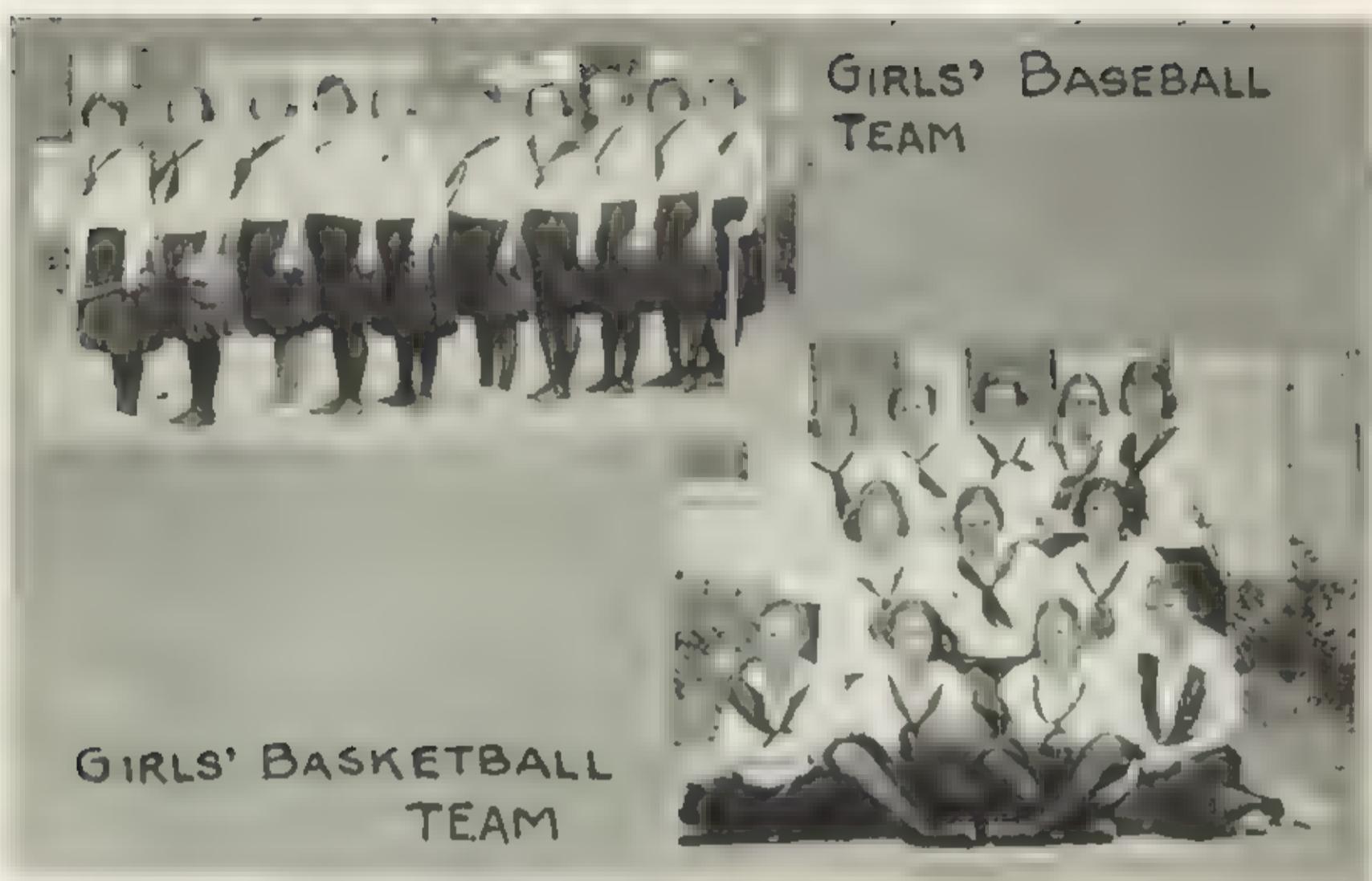


Girls' Rallies

Many snappy girls' rallies have been held this term under the direction of the girls' yell leaders, Lucie Legallet and Lucille Meltzer, and the girls have been bidding fair to outrival the boys' rallies for a peppy showing. The girls' yell leaders have taken an active part in the activities and the athletics of the school and the fine showing that Fremont has made in girls' sports is due to a great extent to the spirit that the yell leaders have shown in encouraging the support of the girls of the student body.



GIRLS' YELL LEADERS: L. MELTZER and L. LEGALLET



GIRLS' BASKETBALL
TEAM

GIRLS' BASEBALL
TEAM

Girls' Basketball and Baseball

GIRLS' athletics have been very well supported this term and Fremont has a right to feel proud of what the Freshman basketball and Sophomore baseball teams have done. The only games of importance were played at Mosswood Park on May 15, which was the second annual High School Girls' Play Day, where the Sophomore baseball team had a 5 to 2 victory over Tech, while the Freshman basketball team sent the team from Tech down to defeat to the tune of 16-8.

Baseball practice went on every afternoon following the election of Dorothy Parker, June, '22, as captain. Under Miss Johnston's excellent training this team was able to play its way to victory. The line-up was as follows: Dorothy Parker, captain and right field; Grace Zeehele, catcher; Toyoko Domoto, pitcher; Fern Brown, 1st base; Della DePew, 2d base; Clareda Allen, 3d base; Ida Olympia, shortstop; Wilma Locke, left fielder; Claire Ferguson, center fielder; and Doris Hughes and Florence Hunley, both subs.

The Freshman team practiced in the Athletic class, which was held during the third and fourth periods under the direction of Miss Johnston.

The team able to win from Tech by an 18-8 score were: Aileen Leas, forward and captain of the team; Charlotte Ferris, forward; Alice O'Connell, forward; Mildred Bundy, forward; Martha Hopkins, guard; Mildred Gunter, guard; Dorothy Moore, guard; Elaine Larsen, side center; Elaine Martin, side center, and Evelyn Reynolds, touch center.

Girls' Play Day



ON May 15, a cloudless spring day, two hundred Fremont girls marched in snowy white middies and black bloomers and brought a tall silver cup home to Fremont.

The occasion was the Girls' Annual Play Day, held at Mosswood Park. The parade began at nine o'clock. The girls of University High came first, then Vocational, Tech, Oakland, and last, Fremont.

"Pat" Einfalt led the Fremont section with a little pink ribboned Spitz dog. The two yell leaders, "Lu" Legallet and "Lu" Meltzer, followed. They were dressed in white skirts and middies with pale blue collars. Then came the Fremont banner carried by eight girls at the head of the long line of girls.

After the line had marched off past the judges' stand, the yells of the different schools were heard echoing back across the field.

In the folk dancing there was no competition. The girls danced simply for exhibition, and according to Miss Johnston, very creditable work was done by all schools participating.

Fremont Sophs played Tech Sophs in baseball and won by a score of 5 to 2. A twelve-inch ball was used instead of the regulation nine-inch ball, but with this exception, the game was played according to big league rules.

University won from Fremont in volleyball. In tennis Lucy Skelton and Janet Gawne, the Senior Junior doubles team, won from Oakland by scores of 3-6, 6-4, 6-2. The Soph doubles team, Florence Farrell and Mae Rodger, also won from Oakland, 6-3, 6-4, 8-6.

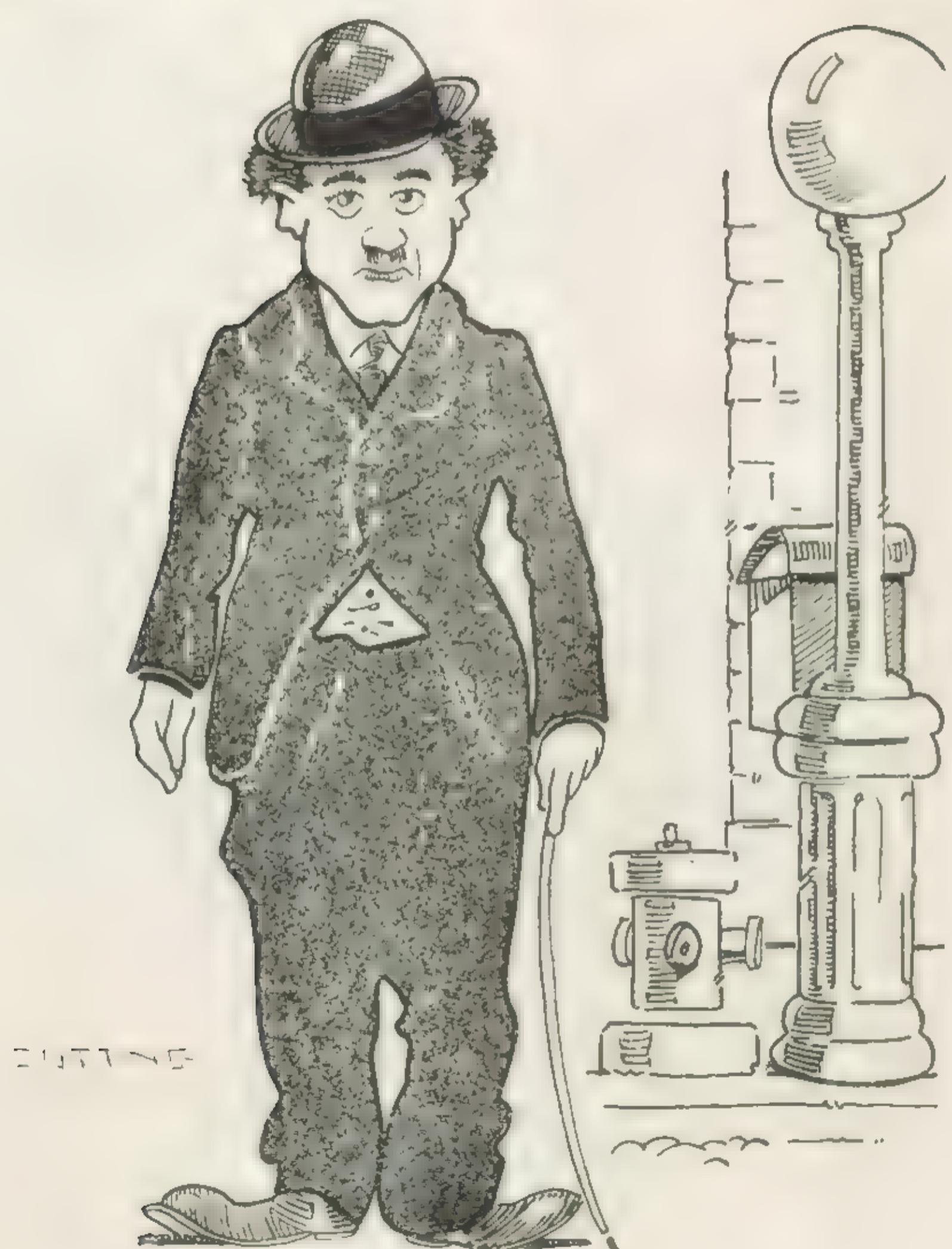
The Fremont Freshmen won in basketball from Tech, 16 to 8. Tech was first in the relay, Oakland second and Fremont third.

Miss Florence Weeks, the one-time Fremont coach, announced the award of the cup. She said that all had agreed on Fremont for first place and had given her 96 1-3 out of a possible 100 points.

The basketball captain was Aileen Leas; the baseball captain, Dorothy Parker; volleyball, Hazel Fake; relay, Harriet Holmes; Lucy Skelton in tennis, and the custodians for the athletic equipment for that day were Lucy Skelton and Norine Straub.

Quoting Miss Johnston: "Every one felt the good spirit on that day. Yes, there was rivalry, but it was all friendly rivalry. We have good cause to be proud of our girls."

JOKE



W. Bray—I've lived on rice for two weeks.

Lu. Jordan—That's nothing. I've lived on earth for eighteen years.

"Rocky" Allen—"You don't really suppose that girls are actually proposing this leap year?"

Vernal Pickford (worriedly)—"Well, all I know is that a lot of girls are getting married now that never got married before."

Leon Lethin—"Let's have a quiet little meal together."

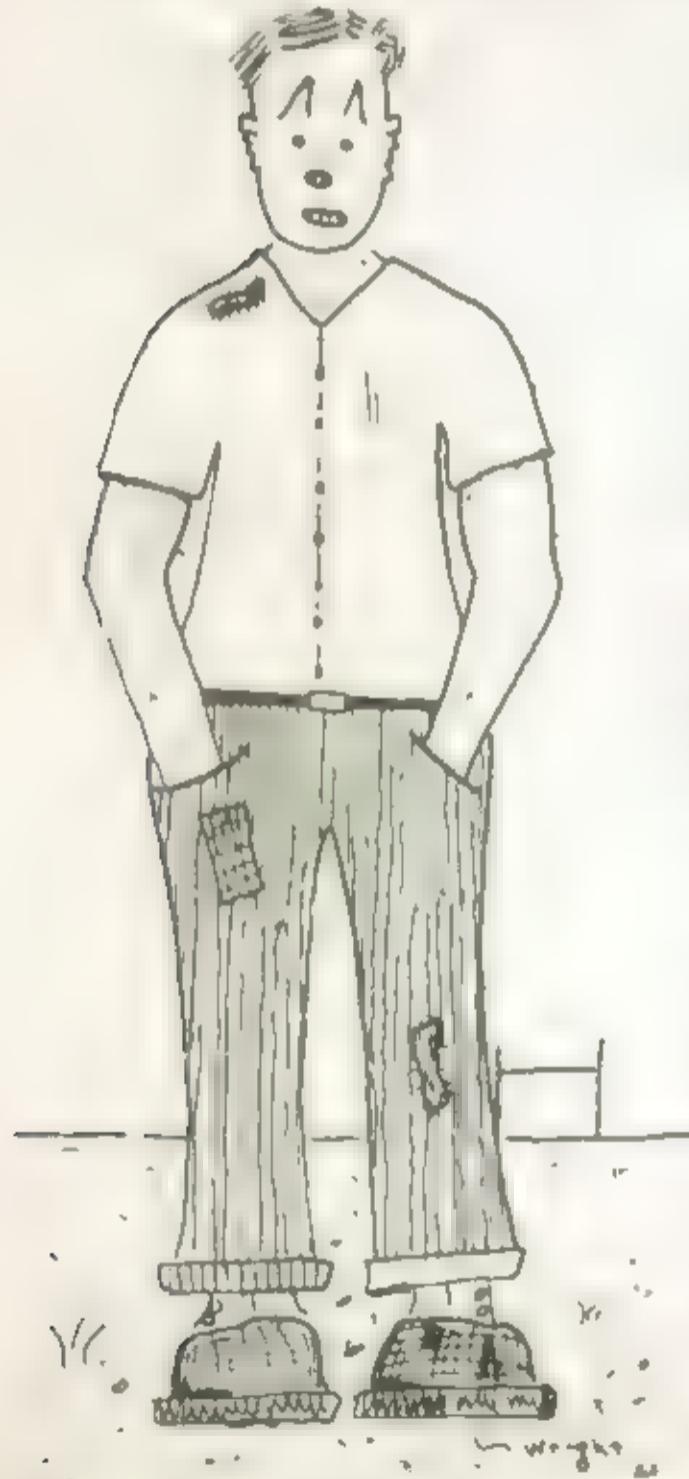
Ethel Stone—"Oh, no, let's have some soup, too."

"Les" Brown—"What are you going to do when you graduate?"

Wayne Thomas—"Dunno. Wish I were the Prince of Wales."

"Les"—"Why?"

Wayne—"Cause he's pretty sure to succeed."



HOW WILL WE
DRESS WHEN IT DOES
COME TO OLD CLOTHES
DAY?

"Mr. Long: "What is the formula for milk?"

Aspirant for "I": "C.O.W."

"A horse ran away with a friend of mine and he was laid up for six weeks."

"Well, a friend of mine ran away with a horse and got laid up for six years."

Big Sister: "Does your dolly say 'mamma' when you squeeze her?"

Little Sister: "Yes, but I can't make her say 'now stop, George'."

Ronnie Dodge: "When I was a kid my mother told me if I didn't stop drinking coffee it would make me foolish."

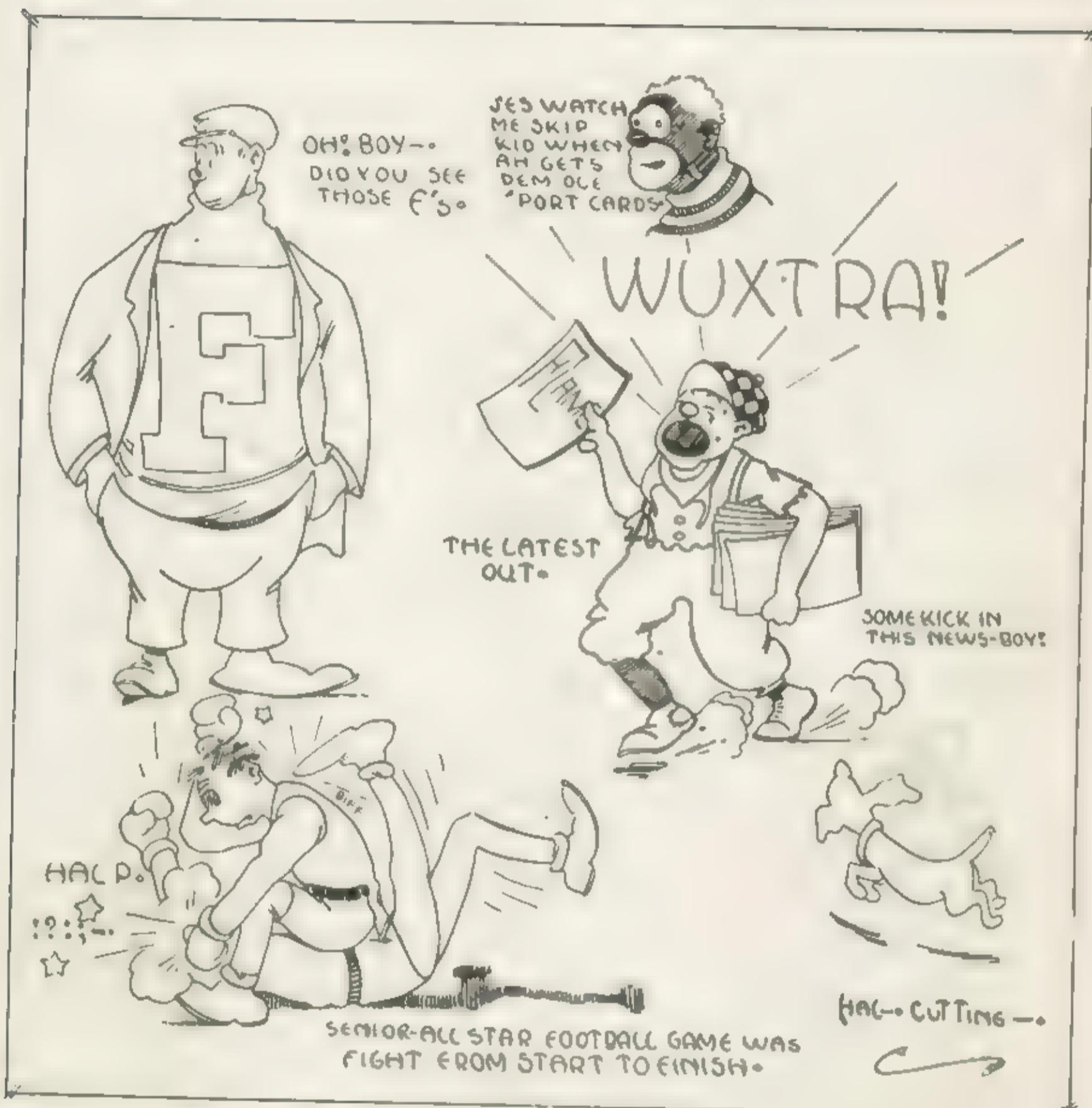
Dick Shaw: "Why didn't you mind her?"

He: "Are you going to dinner with any one tonight?"

She (sweetly): "Why-er, I think not."

He: "My! Won't you be hungry tomorrow?"

Little drops of peroxide
Sprinkled here and there
Will make her raven tresses
A crown of golden hair.



BUBBLES.

- 1—Swimming Pool.
- 2—Everybody sitting down in assembly.
- 3—No “Jim.”
- 4—A Fremont function lasting till 12 o’clock.
- 5—Evelyn Greene walking down the hall alone.

“Tis said each night that wicked crooks
Lurk out of sight in shady nooks.
Can it be, then, that all are crooks
Who lurk at night in shady nooks?

Florence Wotton—“What makes you think Chaucer dictated to a stenographer?”

Wayne West—“Well, just look at the spelling.”

The Baby—“Googly—googly—goo—goo.”

The Mother—“Yes, indeed, dear, that’s the public library.”

Freshman—“Pardon me, but can you tell me who Jim is? The girls talk about him more than any other boy.”

Helen Holmes—“He’s a very popular young man, my dear, a personal friend of Miss Paris. Every Freshman girl must meet him, every Senior hates him, but no girl in school can get along without him.”

He took her rowing on the lake;
She vowed she’d go no more.
I asked her why—the answer came:
“He only hugged the shore.”

Miss McMillan—“Do you think you can handle the English language?”

Dan Stanislawsky—“My knowledge of the English language has always been my greatest asset.”

Miss McMillan—“Good. You may take this dictionary downstairs.”

Dorothy Blossom Taber—“I’m having a tooth out today.”

Clarissa Decker—“Going to have gas?”

D. B. T. “Certainly! You don’t think I’d sit in the dark with any dentist, do you?”

Young Wife—“Dearest, do you know you haven’t kissed me for six weeks?”

Absent-minded Professor—“Good heavens! Whom have I been kissing, then?”

Mae Burdge—"Lend me fifty cents?"

"Pat" Einfalt—"I only have forty."

Mae Burdge—"Well, let me have the forty and you can owe me ten."

Teacher—"Now, children, here's an example in mental arithmetic. How old would a person be who was born in 1888?"

Pupil—"Was it a man or a woman?"

Ronald Dodge—"Yes, dad, I'm a big gun at high."

Dad—"Then why don't I hear better reports?"

Shirley Martin (after gym)—"Gee, I wish I had a wooden leg!"

"Ev" Branstetter—"Why so?"

S. M.—"So I could nail my sock to it."

Miss Dimmick—"Of course, class, Clovis did a great many things that were atrocious, but in those days assassination didn't have the same effect on people as it has now."

Miss O'Connell—"What is the League of Nations?"

Freddie K.—"The League of Nations are—"

Miss O'Connell—"Don't say are; say is."

Freddie—"The League of Nations isbitrates national controversies."

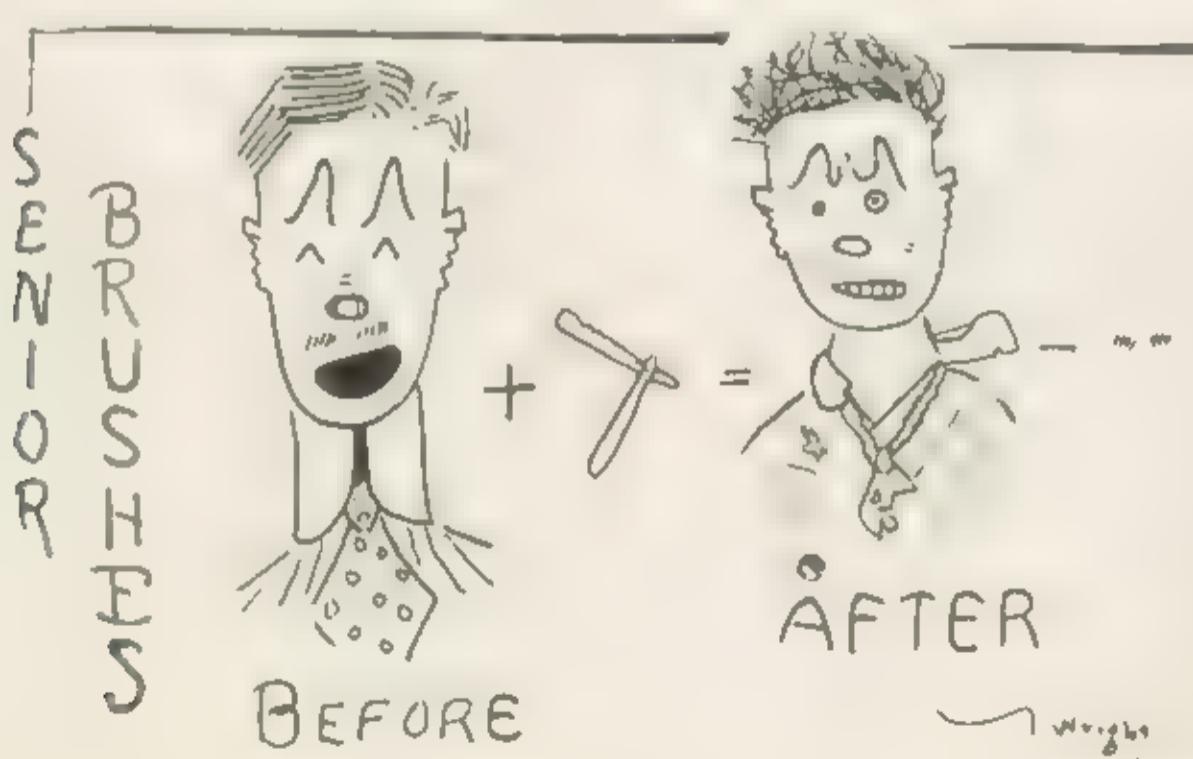
Freshman (repeating prayers)—"Now I lay me down to sleep."

"If—" prompts mother.

"If he hollers let him go, enie, menie, minie, mo."

"Dave" Anderson—"All great men have peculiarities. Now, Emerson liked pie morning, noon and night."

Al Wilson—"Well, that isn't peculiar to Emerson."



Mrs. Greene—"Don't you know, Evelyn, that it is not proper for you to turn around and look at a gentleman?"

Evelyn—"But, mother, I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking."

Mr. Jacobsen (to Mr. Lethin, in Dramatics, who is yawning)—"I hope we're not keeping you up, Mr. Lethin."

Freshie—"Beastly weather, isn't it?"

Senior—"Well, no. The only creature I know of that would like the weather we've been having would be a duck. A duck isn't a beast; it's a fowl. Foul weather I'd call it, not beastly."

Muriel K.—"We've been on this boat an hour, and it has scarcely moved a yard."

Elwood Gill—"That's nothing. Why, I can run a mile and only move two feet."

Inebriate—"Most sht'ordinary thing! Here 'tsh middle o'night, an' my l' watch 'sh pointin' to noon!"

Mrs. Levy, in History—"Now, class, we are going to study France for two or three centuries."

Virginia K.—"Did you hear about the fellow who committed suicide by lying on the Fruitvale Avenue car line?"

Bonnie S.—"Did the car cut him in two?"

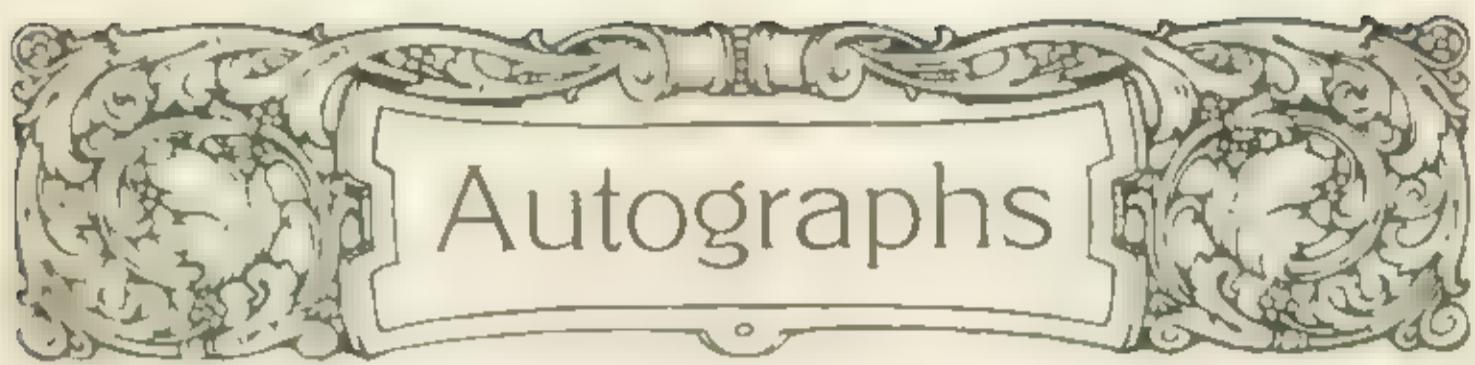
Virginia—"No, he starved to death."



Speaking of Names

By ALICE NUNES.

Why does Fred Hunter?
Does Hester Gamble?
Is Robert A. White?
Is Tessie L. Savage?
Is E. W. Long?
Why does Ronald Dodge?
Does Robert Slaughter any one?
Is Floyd Money?
How much is Gertrude Worth?
Where does Grace Hyde?
How high does Pearl Spring?
How high does Mrs. Heyer go?
How dark is Charlotte Knight?
Why is Jessie Brown?
Is Alice Fiske?
Where does Charles Cross?
What does Beatrice Grant?
Is Helen Wright?
What variety is Eleanor Bush?
What has George Won?
Does George Russell?
How thin is Lucy Skel(e)ton?
Is Janet Gawne?
What kind are Cecil Bonds?
Why does Edyth Neil?
Does Watson Bray?
Is Carl Back?
Is Lillian Frank?
Is Henry Baskin?
Why is Raymond Green?
How much does Ruth Iron?
Is Arthur Frost cold?
How far down is Donald Low?
Is Eleanor Risen?
Is William A. Porter?
Is Alice Runyon?
How sharp is Mildred Keen?
Is Oliver Trickey?
Is Nellie A. Ware?
Did Gertrude Hatch?
Where did Fenton Parker?
Did Hugh Hockett?
Does Merle Lovett?
Of what is Lawton Champion?



Autographs

